

No.
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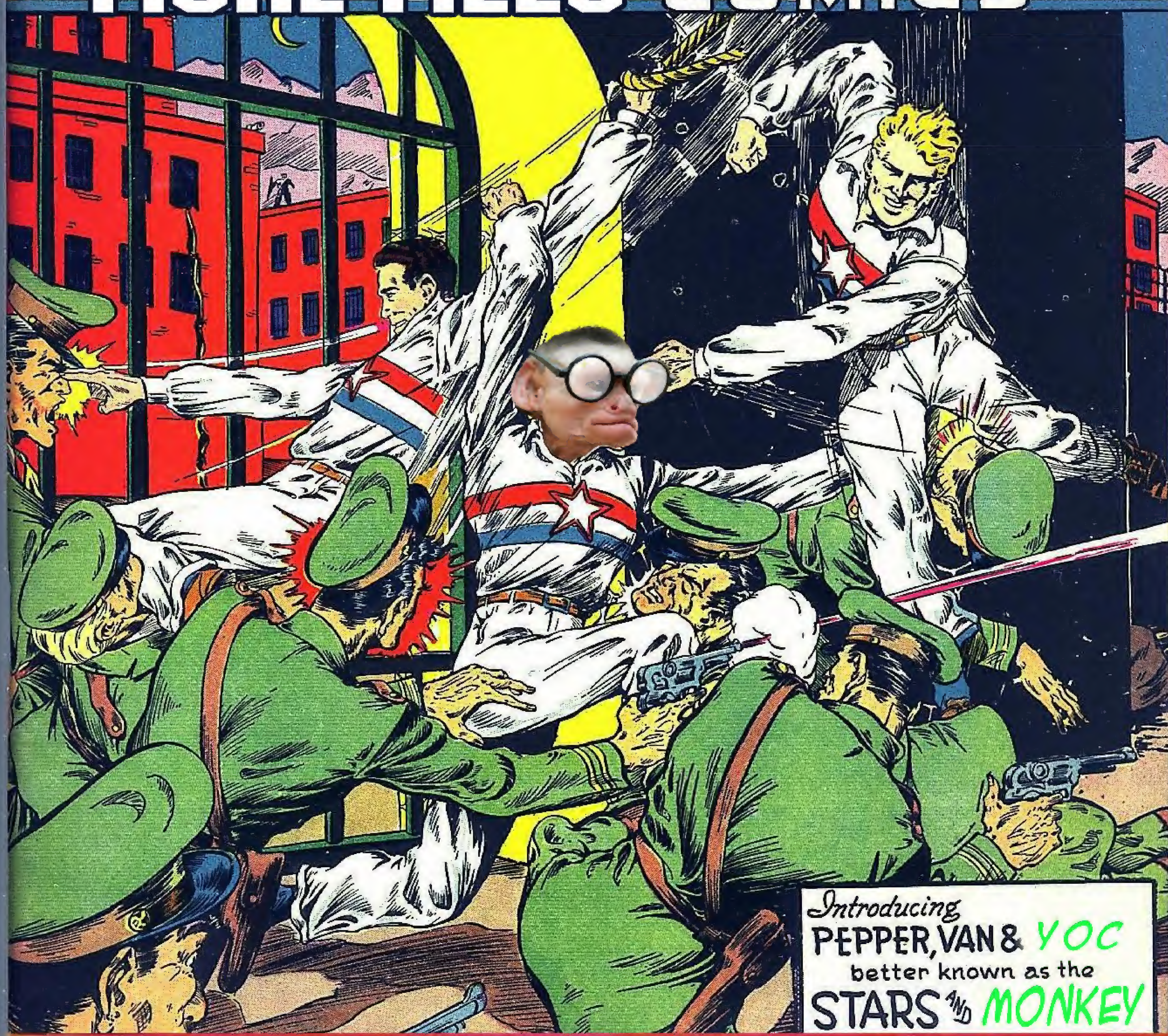
STARS

10¢

AND

STRIPES

FIGHE-FILLS-COMICS



Introducing
PEPPER, VAN & VOC
better known as the
STARS AND MONKEY



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

No. 4
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STARS

10¢

AND

STRIPES

COMICS



Introducing
PEPPER, VAN & WHITEY
better known as the
STARS & STRIPES
WHO BEGIN THEIR ADVENTURES
IN THIS ISSUE

FOR DEFENSE

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COMIC CORPORATION OF AMERICA
215 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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The STARS and STRIPES

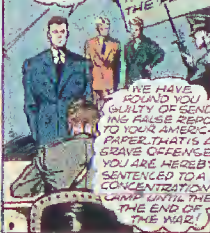


IN A MILITARY COURT AT THE CAPITOL OF ONE OF EUROPE'S AGGRESSOR NATIONS

THIS COURT IS NOW READY TO SENTENCE THE THREE AMERICAN PRISONERS... PATRICK J. O'HENRY, NEWS PAPER CORRESPONDENT STEP FORWARD!



OKAY! SOURPUSS SPILL IT!



WE HAVE FOUND YOU GUILTY OF SEND-ING FALSE REPORTS TO YOUR AMERICAN PAPER. THAT IS A GRAVE OFFENSE. YOU ARE HEREBY SENTENCED TO A CONCENTRATION CAMP UNTIL THE END OF THE WAR.

WELL, YOU, I YOU KNOW I DIDN'T SEND THOSE REPORTS. I WAS FRAMED. WHY I'LL, BUST YOU RIGHT IN THE...

STOD!



THE RED HEADED NEWSDESMAN
IS QUIETED, THEN...

AND YOU, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
ALLEN, AS SECRETARY OF AN
AMERICAN DIPLOMAT YOU USED
YOUR TRUST TO STEAL VITAL STATE
SECRETS. YOU ARE CONDEMNED
TO CONCENTRATION
CAMP FOR LIFE!

ANOTHER
TRUMPED UP
CHARGE. BUT
WHAT'S THE USE
OF ARGUING
WITH THIS
PUPPET!



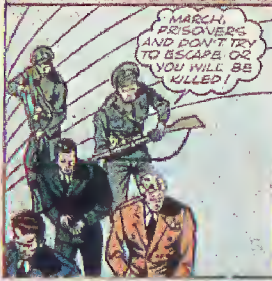
...VANCE STUYVESANT
THE THIRD, THE NEXT
PRISONER, WE FIND GUILTY
OF ATTACKING AND KILL-
ING AN OFFICER OF
OUR COMMAND, WHILE
ENJOYING THE PRIVI-
LEGES OF A TOURIST
OF OUR FATHERLAND!



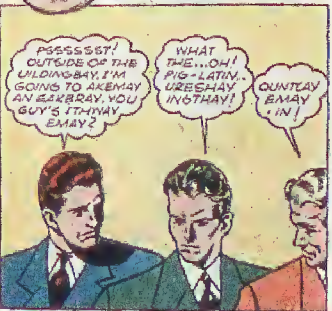
...AND I'D DO THE
SAMEDINGS AGAIN IF I
SAW THAT UNIFORMED
RAT BEATING A LITTLE
CRIPPLED GIRL WHO
HAPPENED TO GET
IN HIS WAY!



THE THREE FRAMED AMERICAN PRI-
SONERS ARE LED FROM THE COURT...



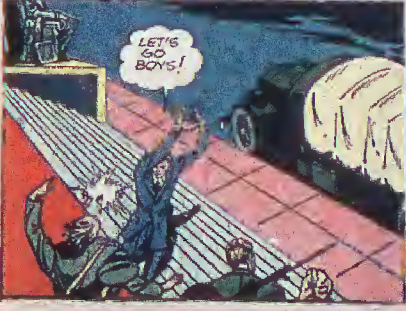
MARCH,
PRISONERS
AND DON'T TRY
TO ESCAPE. OR
YOU WILL BE
KILLED!



PSSESSST!
OUTSIDE OF THE
ULDINGBAY, I'M
GOING TO AKEMAY
AN EAKBRAY, YOU
GUY'S ITTHAY
EMAY?

WHAT
THE...OH!
PIG-LATIN..
URESHAY
INGTHAY!

OUNTAY
EMAY
IN!



LET'S
GO
BOYS!

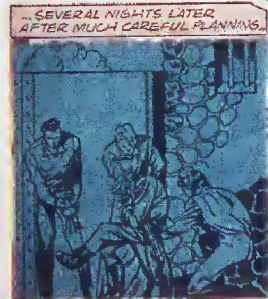
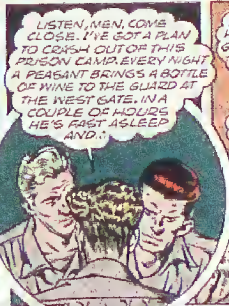


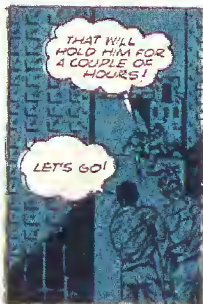


...BUT THEY FIND THE DOOR OF THE TRUCK LOCKED...BEFORE THEY CAN GET IT OPENED...



AFTER THAT THE THREE AMERICAN BOYS ARE CLOSELY GUARDED... THREE MONTHS LATER AFTER A SERIES OF TRANSFERS THEY FIND THEMSELVES ALL IN THE SAME CONCENTRATION CAMP.

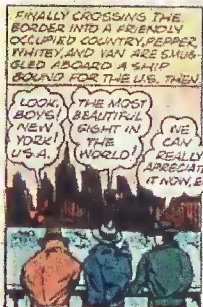




THAT WILL
HOLD HIM FOR
A COUPLE OF
HOURS!

LET'S GO!

THROUGH DISMAL SWAMPS AND BLACK FORESTS
LIKE HUNTED ANIMALS, THE THREE MEN ENDURING
UNTOLD HARDSHIPS, MAKE THEIR WAY TOWARD
THE BORDER.



FINALLY CROSSING THE
BORDER INTO A FRIENDLY
OCCUPIED COUNTRY, PEPPER,
WHITE, AND VAN ARE SMUG-
GLED ABOARD A SHIP
BOUND FOR THE U.S. THEN

LOOK,
BOYS!
NEW
YORK!
U.S.A.

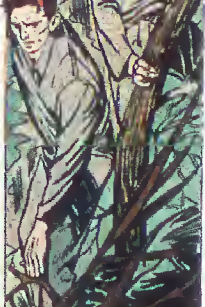
THE MOST
BEAUTIFUL
SIGHT IN
THE WORLD!

WE
CAN
REALLY
APPRECIATE
IT NOW, EN!



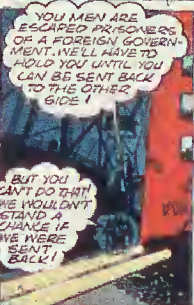
HERE THEY
COME! BOY HOW
I HATE THIS
JOB!

YOU AND
ME, BOTH!



SORRY, BOYS, BUT
WE'VE GOT TO TAKE
YOU DOWN TO HEAD-
QUARTERS!

HEY! WHAT
KIND OF WEL-
COME IS
THIS?



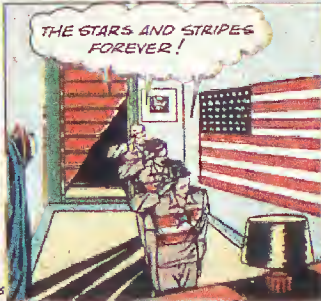
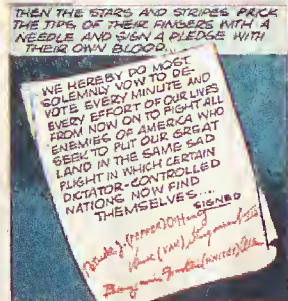
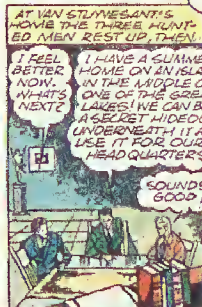
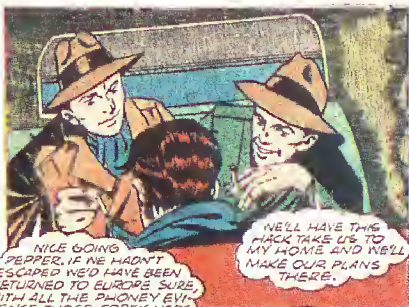
YOU MEN ARE
ESCAPED PRISONERS
OF A FOREIGN GOVERN-
MENT. WE'LL HAVE TO
HOLD YOU UNTIL YOU
CAN BE SENT BACK
TO THE OTHER
SIDE!

BUT YOU
CAN'T DO THAT!
WE WOULDN'T
STAND A
CHANCE IF
WE WERE
SENT
BACK!



WE'RE ONLY
CARRYING OUT
OUR ORDERS
...HEY!

TO THE
CAB, FELLOWS
WE CAN'T LET
OURSELVES BE
SENT BACK
TO THAT
COUNTRY!



THE NEXT DAY....

HEY FELLOWS!
WE GOT TO WORK!!!
READ THIS PIECE IN
THE PAPER!

VITAL SECTION OF NATIONAL DEFENSE PROGRAM- HELD UP BY STRIKES!

TODAY THE 5000 WORKERS
OF THE MUNITIONS MFG CO

WALKED OUT OF THE HUGE
PLANT REFUSING TO GO
BACK TO WORK UNTIL
DEMANDS OF THE UNION
ARE MET. THE MIDCITY
PLANT IS A VITAL FACTOR
IN THE NATION'S DEFENSE
PROGRAM AND IF THE STRIKE
CONTINUES ANY LENGTH OF
TIME THE WHOLE

SOMETHING'S
GOT TO BE DONE ABOUT
THAT, MEN! NOTHING MUST
STOP THE UNITED STATES PRE-
PAREDNESS PROGRAM. LET'S
HEAD FOR MIDCITY RIGHT
NOW!!!!

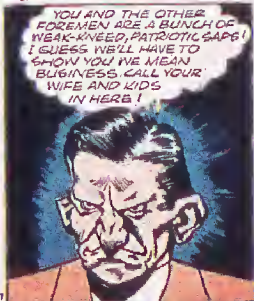
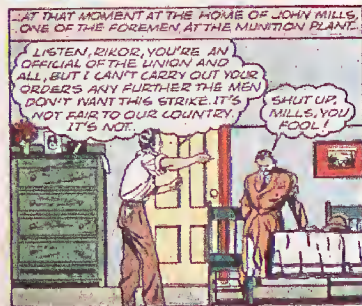
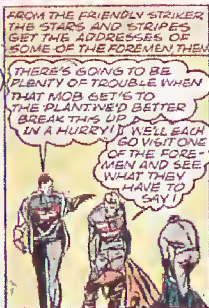
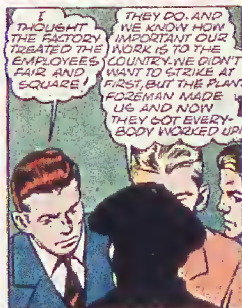
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND
THAT STRIKE. THE MIDCITY
PLANT HAS A REPUTATION FOR
BEING FAIR AND SO HAS THE
UNION. SOMETHING IS
SCREWY THERE!

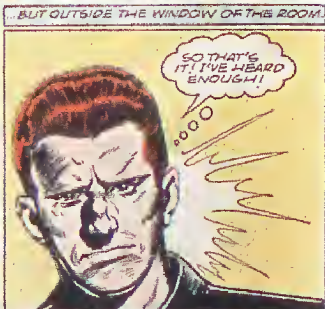
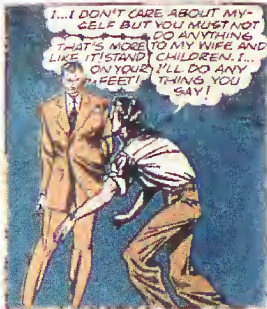
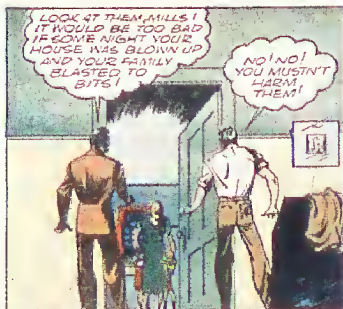
WOW!!!
LOOK AT THAT
CROWD!

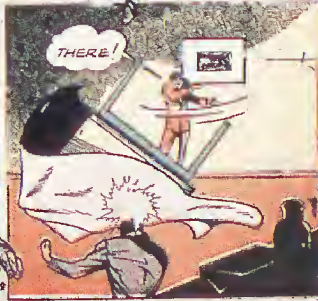
LET'S SEE
WHAT IT'S ALL
ABOUT!!

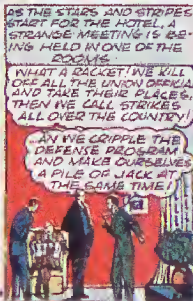
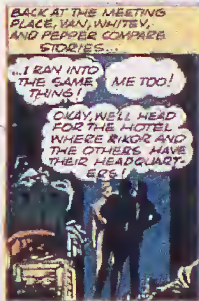
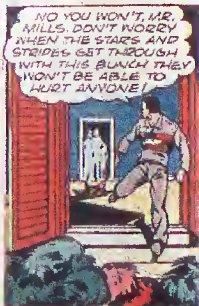
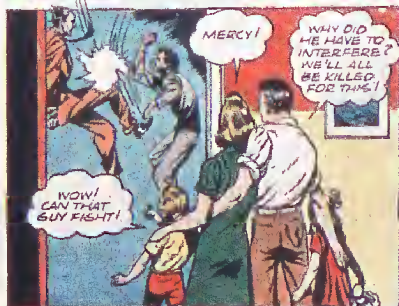
WORKERS OF MIDCITY-
WE'RE GONNA KILL ANY BIMBO
WHO TRIES TO SCAB ON US. THE
FACTORY IS MAKING MILLIONS AND
WE'RE GONNA GET OUR SHARE!

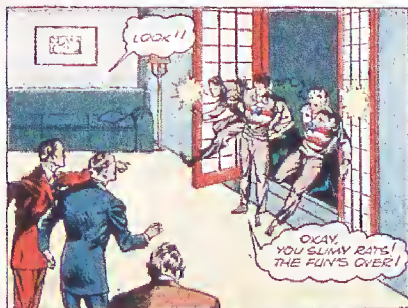
IN THEIR REGULAR CLOTHES THE STARS AND
STRIPES ARRIVE AT MIDCITY TO LOOK OVER
THE SITUATION.













SOME PALOOZAS
IN FANCY COSTUMES
HAVE BEAT UP
THE BOSSES!

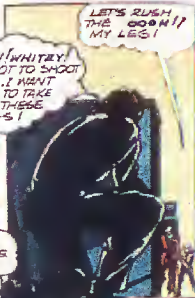
START
THROWING
LEAD AT 'EM,
GUNG!

INSTANTLY A CRASHING
GUN-BATTLE ENSUES



YAN! WHITELY!
TRY NOT TO SHOOT
TO KILL. I WANT
THE LAM TO TAKE
CARE OF THESE
MUGS!

GOOD THING
WE HAVE THESE
GUNS OR WE'D
HAVE BEEN
SLAUGHTERED!



LET'S RUSH
THE GOON!!
MY LEG!



SEEM'S ALL
HARD BOILED EGGS
ARE YELLOW INSIDE!

HOLD FIRE!
WE GIVE UP!
YOUR GUN IS
TOO DEADLY

A FEW MIN-
UTES LATER
WHEN THE
POLICE
ARRIVE!



WELL-
I'LL
BE!

THE SNAKE
AND STRIPES
ROBBER!

THE NEXT MORNING THE PAPERS
CARRY A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE
SPY-CAPTURE AND STRIKE
BREAK-UP...

IT SAYS HERE THAT THOSE
STARS AND STRIPES WERE
RECOGNIZED AS FUGITIVES
FROM A FOREIGN COUNTRY.
HMM! I OUGHT TO GIVE
'EM A MEDAL 'STEAD OF
MUNTING AND PROSECUTING
'EM



SO THEY KNOW
WHO WE ARE.
IT'S GOING TO
BE TOUGHER
THAN EVER TO
CARRY ON OUR
WORK NOW,
FELLOWS!



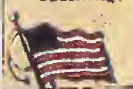
BUT THAT'S
NOT GOING
TO STOP
US!

NO, SIR!
WE'RE NOT
STOPPING
TILL WE'VE
CLEANED OUT
EVERY SPY
AN
BARBOTEUR
IN THE LAND!

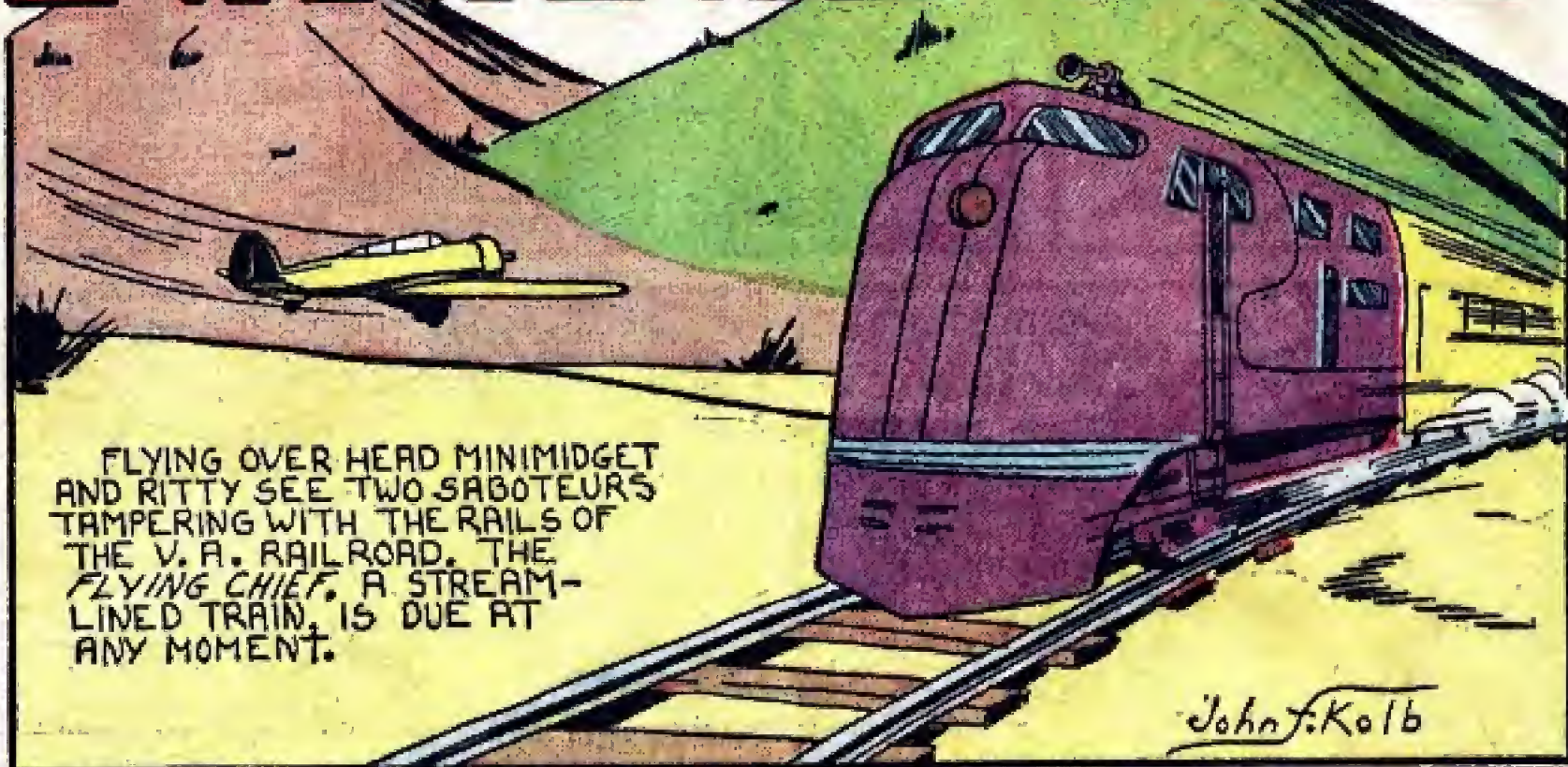
ANOTHER SLAM-
BANG PATRIOTIC
ADVENTURE OF
AMERICA'S NEW
COMIC BOOK
HEROES

THE **STARS
AND STRIPES**

IN THE NEXT
ISSUE.....

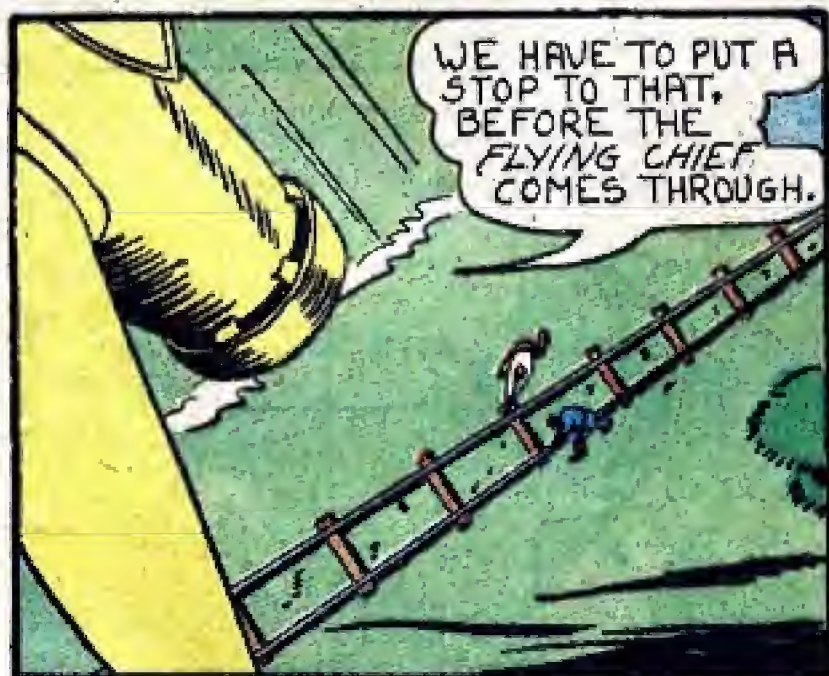


MINIMIDGET

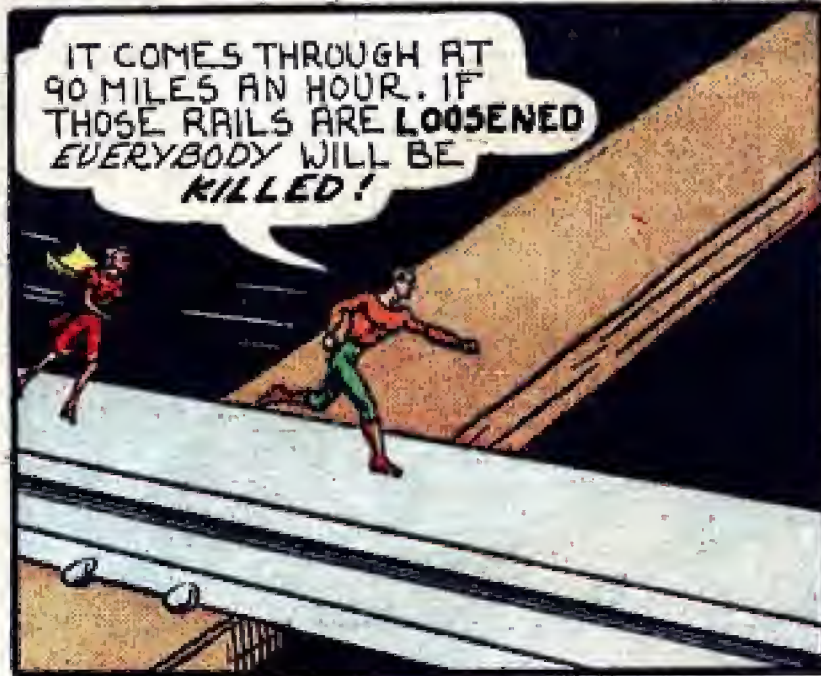


FLYING OVER HEAD MINIMIDGET AND RITTY SEE TWO SABOTEURS TAMPERING WITH THE RAILS OF THE V. A. RAILROAD. THE *FLYING CHIEF*, A STREAM-LINED TRAIN, IS DUE AT ANY MOMENT.

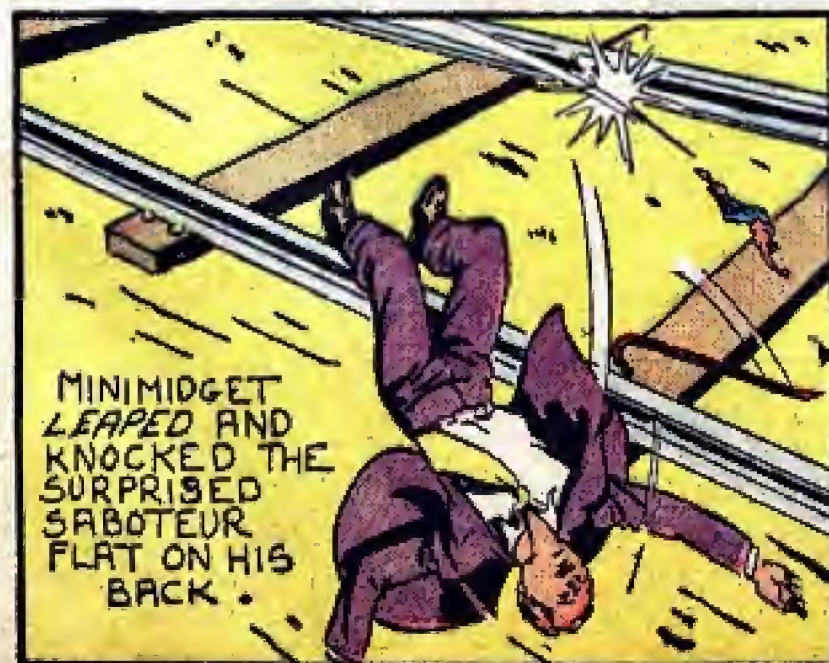
John F. Kolb



WE HAVE TO PUT A STOP TO THAT, BEFORE THE *FLYING CHIEF* COMES THROUGH.



IT COMES THROUGH AT 90 MILES AN HOUR. IF THOSE RAILS ARE LOOSENED EVERYBODY WILL BE **KILLED!**



MINIMIDGET LEAPED AND KNOCKED THE SURPRISED SABOTEUR FLAT ON HIS BACK.



THE OTHER SABOTEUR ACTED.

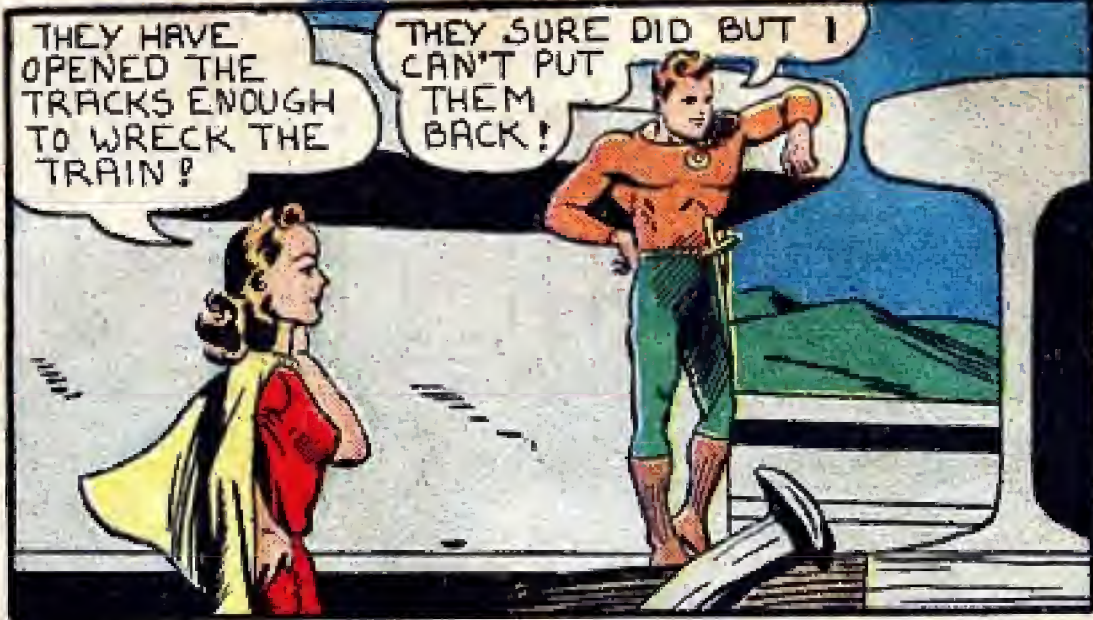
IS THAT 90!

SCRAM. BEFORE I BREAK YOU IN TWO WITH THIS CROWBAR!



THEY HAVE
OPENED THE
TRACKS ENOUGH
TO WRECK THE
TRAIN!

THEY SURE DID BUT I
CAN'T PUT
THEM
BACK!



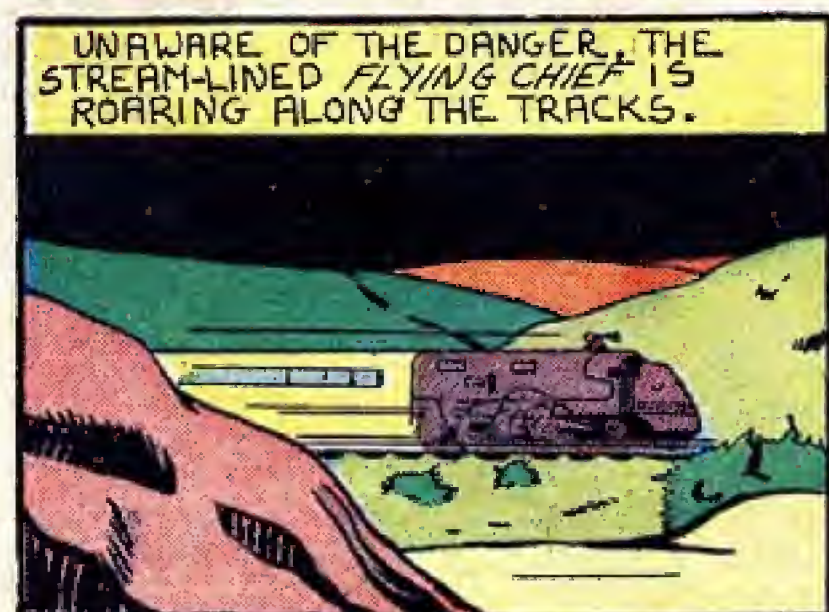
WE'LL HAVE TO STOP THE
TRAIN! IT'S DUE
ANY MINUTE!



THAT'S RIGHT!
COME ON, LET'S
GO!



UNAWARE OF THE DANGER, THE
STREAM-LINED *FLYING CHIEF* IS
ROARING ALONG THE TRACKS.

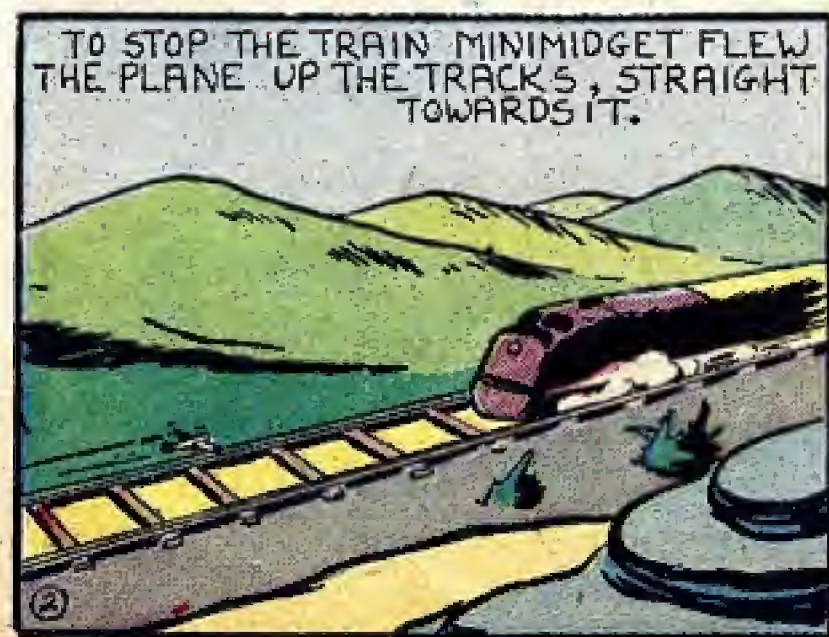


THIS BABY SURE
CAN TRAVEL, SAM.
WE'RE DOING 90
NOW!

YEAH! ALL WE HAVE
TO DO IS HIT A
LOOSE RAIL!



TO STOP THE TRAIN MINIMIDGET FLEW
THE PLANE UP THE TRACKS, STRAIGHT
TOWARDS IT.

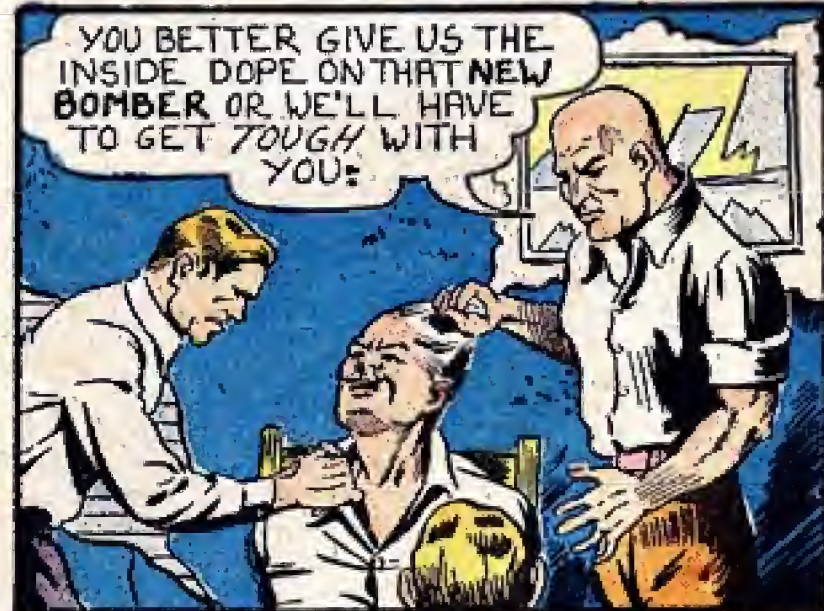
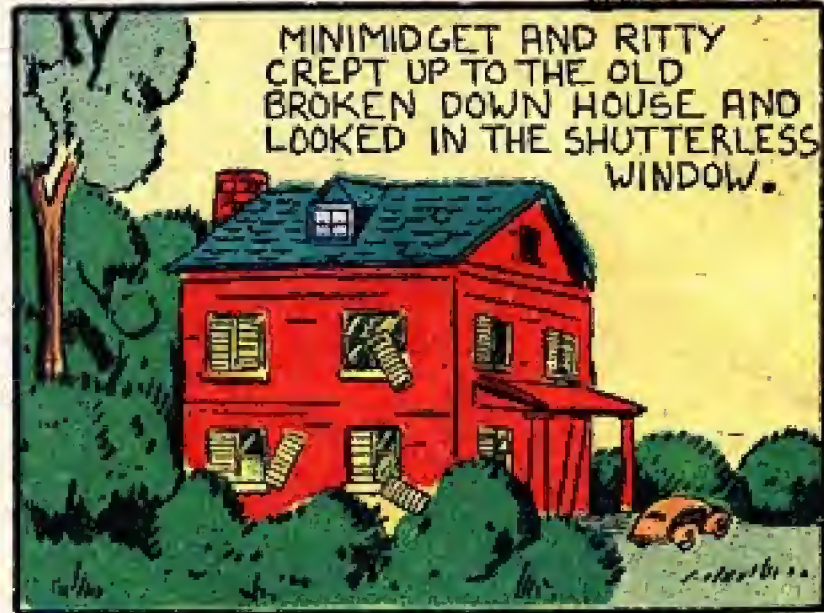


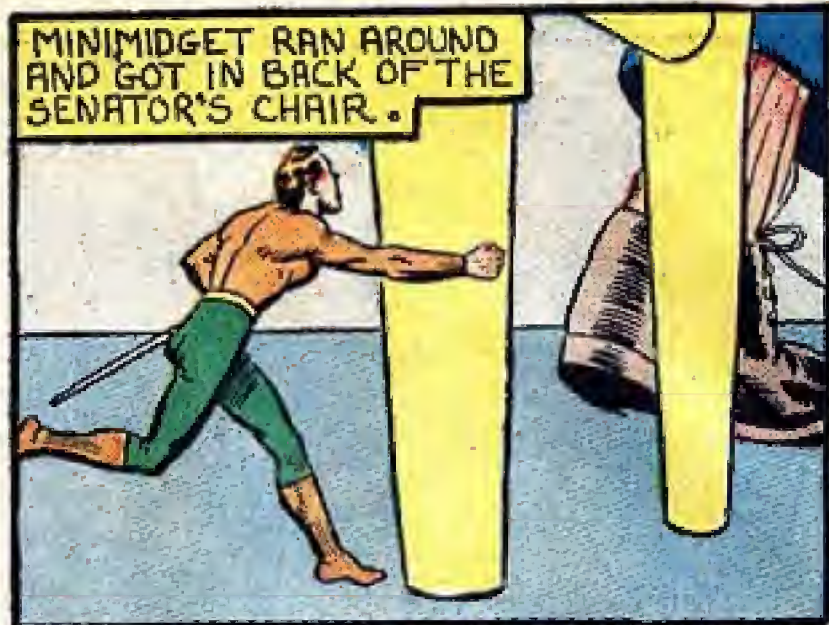
IT'S MINIMIDGET!

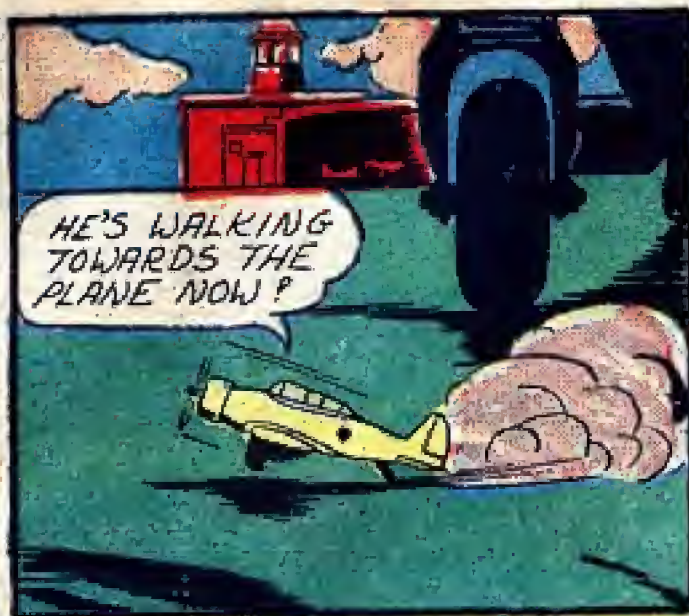
LOOK OUT FOR
THAT PLANE!!
SLAM ON THE
BRAKES!!







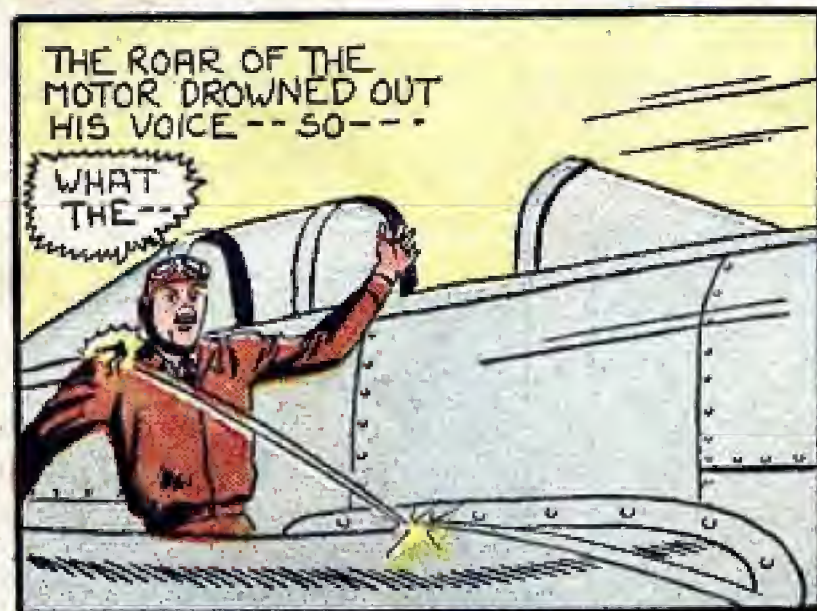




HE'S WALKING TOWARDS THE PLANE NOW?



HEY! WAIT! DON'T FLY THAT PLANE!!



THE ROAR OF THE MOTOR DROWNED OUT HIS VOICE -- SO --

WHAT THE --



SAY! WHAT'S THE IDEA? WHY THE ROUGH STUFF?

THAT PLANE HAS A TIME BOMB PLANTED IN IT!!



WHAT'S THE MATTER HERE?

HE SAID THERE'S A TIME BOMB IN THE PLANE.



NONSENSE! THERE'S NO SUCH THING! I--A--



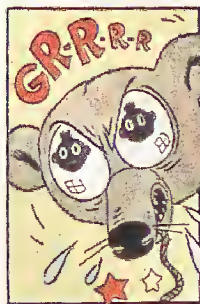
I WOULD HAVE BEEN UP IN THE AIR WHEN THAT HAPPENED.

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU KNEW IT BUT THERE SURE WAS A BOMB IN THAT PLANE. --AND HOW??

I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT LATER-- I HAVE TO HURRY BACK!

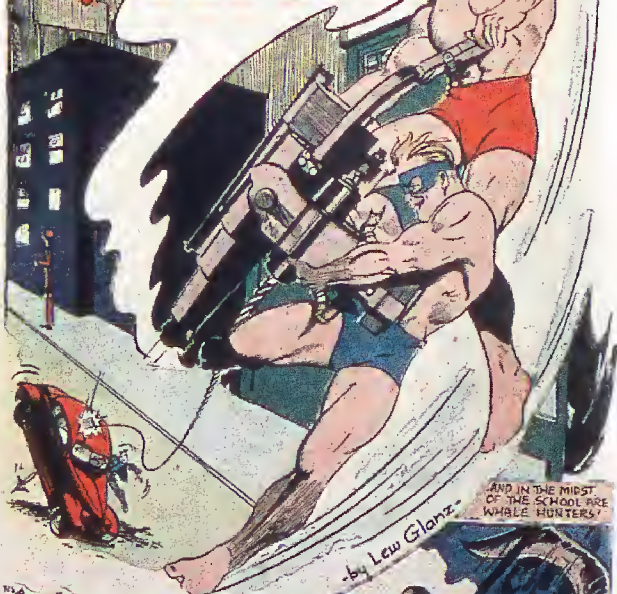
ANOTHER MINIMIDGET NEXT ISSUE!





THE

SHARK

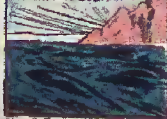


AND IN THE MIST
OF THE SCHOOL ARE
WHALE HUNTERS!

by Lew Glanz

SHARK IS AN AMAZING
UNDER-SEA CREATURE WITH
WEBBED HANDS AND FEET
POP (FATHER) NEPTUNE
IS THE SHARK'S FATHER
— TOGETHER THEY
ARE THE RANSOM OF
ALL CRIME— ALONE
THEY'RE— WELL
THEY'RE AS BAD AS
A TORNADO!

WHALES RUN IN SCHOOLS
THE SAME AS FISH, WE SEE
A LARGE SCHOOL HERE IN
THE INDIAN OCEAN!



BUT BEFORE WE GO ON, HERE'S A FEW NOTES ON WHALE HUNTING! WHALERS TRAVEL IN A GROUP OF BOATS—A LARGE BOAT KNOWN AS THE MOTHER OR FACTORY SHIP AND A NUMBER OF SMALLER BOATS CALLED KILLER SHIPS. THE KILLER SHIPS CARRY THE HARPOONS AND HUNT OUT THE WHALES WHILE THE FACTORY SHIP EXTRACTS THE PRODUCTS FROM THE WHALES AFTER PICKING THEM UP. A STRANGE SHIP A DESTROYER, APPEARS ON THE HORIZON



A FEW MILES AWAY WE FIND THE CHIEF OF THE 'KILLERS'

THINK WE'VE DONE ENOUGH FOR TODAY—THE OTHER KILLER SHIPS HAVE GONE TO SHORE BUT I'LL GO BACK TO THE FACTORY SHIP AND SEE HOW MANY WE'VE CAUGHT TODAY!



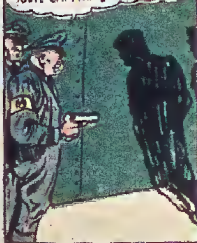
BACK ON THE MOTHER SHIP!!



A SHOT ACROSS THE BOW

IN A SHORT TIME A GROUP OF ARMED MEN COME ABOARD THE WHALER

YOU MEN ARE NOW PRISONERS, FOR WE ARE TAKING THIS BOAT OVER—ANY RESISTANCE WILL BE FATAL! WHERE IS YOUR CAPTAIN?



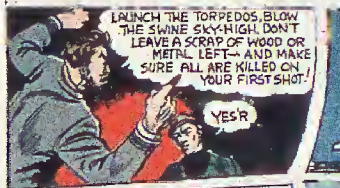
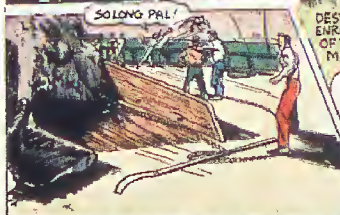
WELL I'LL BE... WHAT DO YA TAKE US FOR, YA FLAP EARED MONKEY? YELLOW-BELLY!! COME ON BOYS KILL DE BUMS!



GET EM BOYS I'VE GOT DE CAPTAIN!

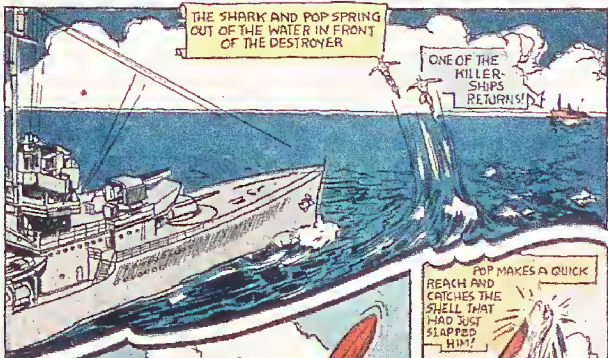


DOWN THE RUN-WAY WITH EM



THE SHARK AND POP SPRING
OUT OF THE WATER IN FRONT
OF THE DESTROYER

ONE OF THE
KILLER-SHIPS
RETURNS!



POP MAKES A QUICK
REACH AND
CATCHES THE
SHELL THAT
HAD JUST
SLAPPED
HIM!

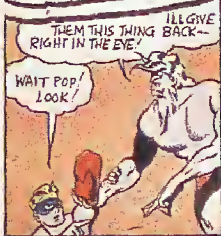


THEY'RE FIRING ON
US, POP! WATCH OUT!



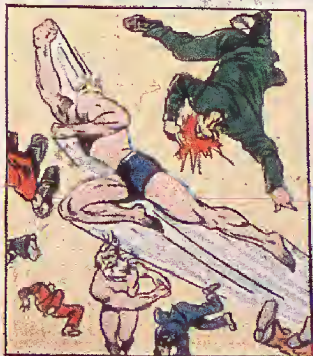
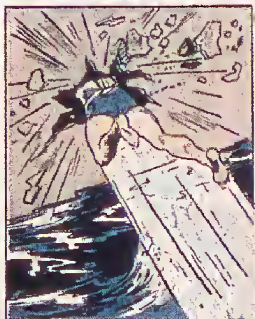
ILL GIVE
THEM THIS THING BACK--
RIGHT IN THE EYE!

WAIT POP!
LOOK!

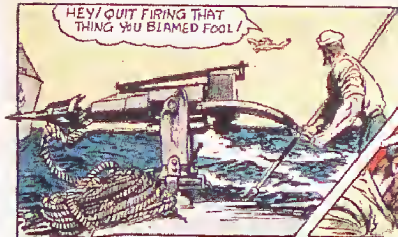


THAT FOOL CAPTAIN IS
TRYING TO SINK US WITH
HIS HARPOON GUN---
ILL JUST IGNORE HIM!





HEY! QUIT FIRING THAT
THING YOU BLAMED FOOL!

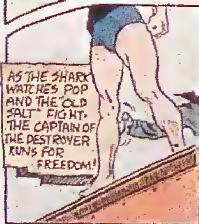


SAY, WHERE DO YOU
GET OFF CALLING ME A
FOOL? ANY BODY WHO
GOES JUMPIN' AROUND IN
HIS UNDERWEAR IS MY IDEA
OF A REAL FOOL!

ISAT SO?



AS THE SHARK
WATCHES POP AND THE OLD
SALT FIGHT, THE CAPTAIN OF
THE DESTROYER
RUNS FOR
FREEDOM!



YES THATS SO

YEA!

YEA!

WELL IVE A
GOOD MIND TO

YOU HAVENT
EVEN GOT A
MIND

YEA!

YEA!



HA! HA! THE
FOOLS IVE GIVEN
THEM THE SLIP!



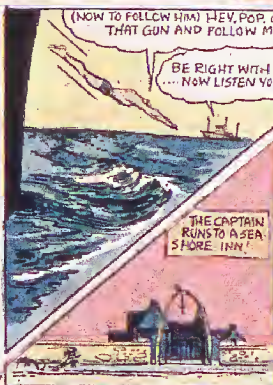
THE CROOK ESCAPES!!

I HAVE A HUNCH THAT THERE
IS SOMEONE HIGHER UP WITH
MORE BRAINS THAN THE CAPTAIN
OF THE DESTROYER, THATS WHY
I MADE BELIEVE I DIDNT SEE
HIM ESCAPE - NOW HELL
LEAD ME RIGHT TO THE LEADER
HA! I BET HE THOUGHT HE
WAS PRETTY SMART!



(NOW TO FOLLOW HIM) HEY, POP, GET
THAT GUN AND FOLLOW ME!

BE RIGHT WITH YA SON!
.... NOW LISTEN YOU ...

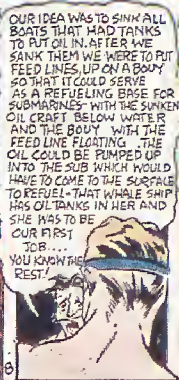
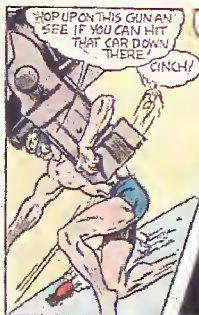


THE CAPTAIN
RUNS TO A SEA-
SHORE INN!

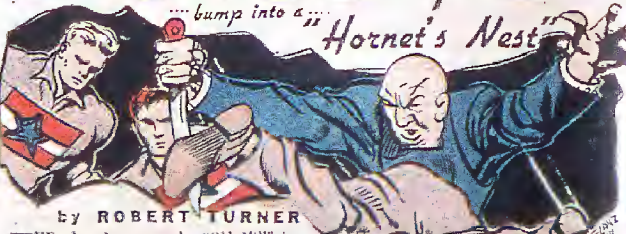
QUICK BOSS
GET! THE
SHARK IS
AFTER US!







The Stars & Stripes



by ROBERT TURNER

THE place known as the "Old Mill" is a rowdy roadhouse just outside of town where anything goes and anything can happen. On this night, plenty happened. The "Old Mill" suddenly became a hornet's nest of intrigue, violence and hidden death.

It all started at two of the ring of tables bordering the little postage stamp dance floor used for dancing and to sport the Old Mill's small but peppy revue.

At one of these tables a man in evening dress sat alone, toying with his drink, watching the girl torch singer crooning into the microphone at the far end of the dance floor. He was a gaunt, wolf-like man, with a gleaming monocle screwed up in one eye. Unknown to the other patrons of the place this man was Hans Horlitz, most dangerous, most wanted foreign agent in the United States.

At an adjacent table sat three young men. They were all big, strapping, thoroughly American looking chaps. Unknown to the other patrons of the place this trio were Van, Whitey and Pepper, those smashing spy-busters who call themselves "The Stars and Stripes."

Three days ago there had been an ad in the personnel column of the local paper which read: WILL THE STARS AND STRIPES BE AT THE OLD MILL ROADHOUSE NEXT SATURDAY NIGHT AT MIDNIGHT. IMPORTANT!

Suddenly the slim blond torch singer swung into a fast number called "Love Flowers." She picked up a big basket of artificial blossoms and left the mike, slowly circled the row of tables. As she sang the girl picked flowers from the basket one at a time and tossed them toward the tables.

At their table the Stars and Stripes were getting restless. Whitey glanced at his wrist watch, poked his fingers through his white-blond hair and said: "It's midnight, boys, and nothing is happening. Maybe that newspaper notice was just a gag."

"I don't think so," Pepper said, his red hair gleaming like copper as the spotlight flicked briefly over him. Maybe they expected us to come busting in here in our Stars and Stripes outfit. Maybe they don't recognize us in these evening clothes."

"There's something strange about the way that torch singer keeps looking at us," Van remarked, eyeing the girl, calculatingly, as she slowly came toward them, scattering her flowers. "I think she's up to something."

And it was soon proved that Van was right. A moment later the blond vocalist reached their table. She swung back and forth, there, singing her song about love and flowers. Then she winked, deliberately and tossed one of the artificial blossoms onto their table.

PEPPER grinned at her and picked up the flower, twirled it by the stem between his fingers. The girl moved on to the next table. Without moving his hip, Pepper whispered: "You're right, Van. Don't act so though anything out of the ordinary was happening, but this flower is blue. All the rest of the flowers she has tossed out have been red!"

"Stop twirling it like that," Whitey whispered in the same peculiar manner. It was a way the men had learned to converse in a foreign concentration camp, without being seen. "That flower has a note in it and it might fall out."

He suddenly reached over and took the paper blossom from Pepper's fingers, stuck it into his buttonhole. "We can't examine it, now," he added in a whisper. "The gink with the glass in his eye, at the next table, is eyeing us suspiciously."

WAITING a few minutes to avoid further suspicion, the Stars and Stripes then called for their check, paid it and left the roadhouse. Outside, Whitey whipped the flower from his buttonhole, plucked a tiny tube of rolled paper from deep inside the blossom.

"Wonder what it says?" Van said breathlessly as Whitey untrolled the paper.

It was a little note printed in a tight feminine hand: "The man sitting next to you—the one with the monocle—is Hans Horlitz, the famous spy. He has information vital to the safety of the U. S. He must not get away from this place tonight!"

The three men read the note, and exchanged knowing glances. Without another word, they shook hands all around, turned and headed toward a nearby patch of woods.

A FEW minutes later, Van, Whitey and Pepper came running from the woods toward the roadhouse. Only now over their big, muscular figures they wore what appeared to be old time striped prison garb. With the exception that the stripes on the suits were red and white and on the chest of each man was emblazoned a big blue star. This was the outfit which had given the trio their name—the Stars and Stripes.

Like fast-charging linebackers they sprinted around to the rear of the Old Mill and in through the kitchen door. A huge, slouch-shouldered cook, with a scarred face and beaming brows looked toward them, surprised. The trio stalked toward him.

Pepper said: "Listen, fellow, we're the new act the boss hired. We go on next, but before we do we want to talk to the fellow out at the ringside tables who is wearing a monocle. Have one of the waiters bring him back here."

THE cook leaped back away from them. His bushy brows crawled like snakes. His scarred face twisted into a frown. "You guys ain't kidding me," he snarled and picked up a long carving knife. "You're the Stars and Stripes. You're after Hans!"

The trio didn't wait to hear more. "He's one of them!" Van shouted and dove toward the cook in a flying tackle. "Grab him!" At the same instant Whitey leaped forward and kicked upward. His foot struck the wrist of the cook. The knife clanged to the floor.

With the force of Van's tackle the scar-faced man was flung backward to the floor. His head hit the corner of a big stone fireplace with a sickening thud.

VAN got to his feet, glanced down at the prostrate figure. "He's out cold."

"Since he's one of the spies," Whitey said, "it's an even chance that more of the employees of this place are too."

"You are right about that," came a voice from behind them.

The Stars and Stripes whirled about. Standing in the doorway leading from inside the roadhouse, stood the man, Hans Horlitz. The monocle in his eye winked off light like a mirror. His lips were twisted in a malicious grin. In his right hand a luger gleamed. Standing next to

Horlitz were two waiters. Pistols pointed toward their fists toward the three patriots.

"This place is owned by me," Horlitz said. "Each of the employees are loyal countrymen of mine. You patriotic American fools have stuck your noses into a hornet's nest!"

ABRUPTLY Horlitz reached through the door behind him and yanked the blond singer into sight. She was very pale now. Her eyes were wide with fright.

"I've suspected right along," said Horlitz, "that this girl was a U. S. agent. She got in here to spy on me. She learned about the plans I stole and have on me, but was afraid to get some of her fellow agents in here to help her. She knew I would recognize them. So she decided to enlist your aid!"

Pepper, while Horlitz was talking, glanced behind. He found three other waiters now guarding the door through which they had entered.

"Well, I guess you've got us trapped, all right," said Pepper, with a sigh. But his words were no sooner out of his mouth, than he lunged against Van and Whitey, knocking them sprawling behind a big kitchen table.

WITH almost the same motion, he grabbed a chair, slung it up toward the light. The bulb went out in a tinkle of broken glass. Gunfire stabbed orange flashes through the pitch dark that followed. There was the sound of great scrambling on the floor, the thud of boots socking against head, foreign curses, groans and squeals of pain. Chairs socked against the walls with splintering crashes. Then all was suddenly silent again.

After a few seconds a beam of light darted across the room, showing Hans Horlitz and his men, sprawled unconscious in a clutter of broken dishes and furniture. The light finally fell on the surprised-looking face of the girl who was a U. S. agent. It held there for a moment and then a gun was thrust into each of her hands, along with a tiny calling card.

"You can take over from here," came a voice from near the light.

THEN footsteps ran toward the door. The door slammed. Lights snapped on elsewhere in the kitchen. The girl looked down at a little card she held in her hand with the gun. On the card was a picture of the U. S. flag and the words: THE STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER!

"I sure did the right thing when I called on those fellows for help," the girl said and smiled.

The next morning, in a distant hideaway, the Stars and Stripes smiled too as they read the morning papers. The headline said: GANG OF FOREIGN SPYBUSTERS TRAPPED IN ROADHOUSE. THEIR CAPTURE SAVES VITAL AMERICAN MILITARY SECRETS.

The End

IRON SKULL

by Sam Gilman



THE U.S. MERCHANTMAN, VALIANT, SAILS CALMLY ALONG THE ATLANTIC... CARRYING A VALUABLE CARGO TO THE ALLIES...

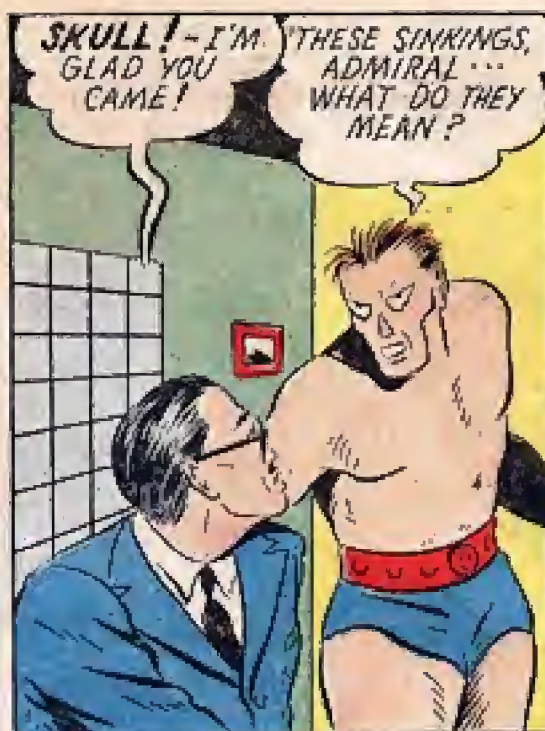
SUDDENLY, WITHOUT A WORD OF WARNING, HER NOSE DIVES AND SHE DISAPPEARS INTO THE SEA





NO TIME TO LOSE!
I MUST GET TO
THE NAVY
OFFICE!

FLYING HIGH ABOVE THE CITY THE
SKULL RACES TO THE NAVY DEPARTMENT



SKULL! - I'M
GLAD YOU
CAME!

THESE SINKINGS,
ADMIRAL...
WHAT DO THEY
MEAN?



IT MEANS THAT THE
SHIPMENTS SENT TO
OUR ALLIES ARE BEING
SUNK! WHAT'S MORE -
THERE'S NOT A CLUE
AS TO HOW THE SHIPS
ARE SUNK... NO TRACE
OF CREW OR CARGO
HAS BEEN FOUND!



WHEN DOES THE
NEXT SHIP LEAVE--
AND WHERE IS
IT DOCKED?

TONITE AT
NINE-THIRTY
FROM PIER
TWELVE!



AN ENEMY SUB HAS JUST BEEN
CAPTURED IN OUR WATERS!...
IN CUSTODY OF COAST-
GUARD AT PIER SEVEN!

WHAT'S THAT
YOU SAY?



GREAT! - ORDER A
SPECIAL DETAIL
READY TO LEAVE
AT ONCE!



THIS MAY BE
THE ANSWER TO
OUR MYSTERY!
COME! - LET US
GO AT ONCE!

WAIT - ADMIRAL -
I MUST ASK A
SPECIAL FAVOR
OF YOU...



LET ME VISIT THAT
SUB - ALONE!

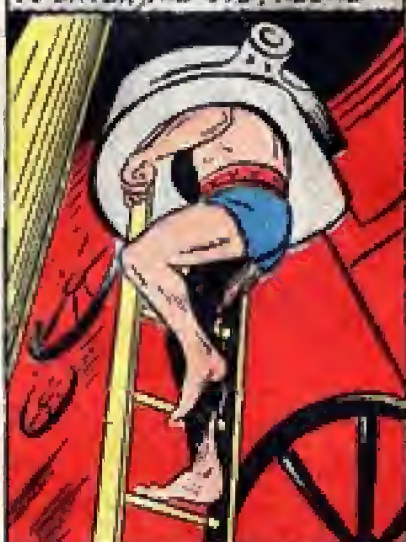
AT PIER SEVEN, COAST-GUARDSMEN
STAND GUARD OVER THE CAPTURED SUB.



HALT AND PRESENT
YOUR CREDENTIALS!



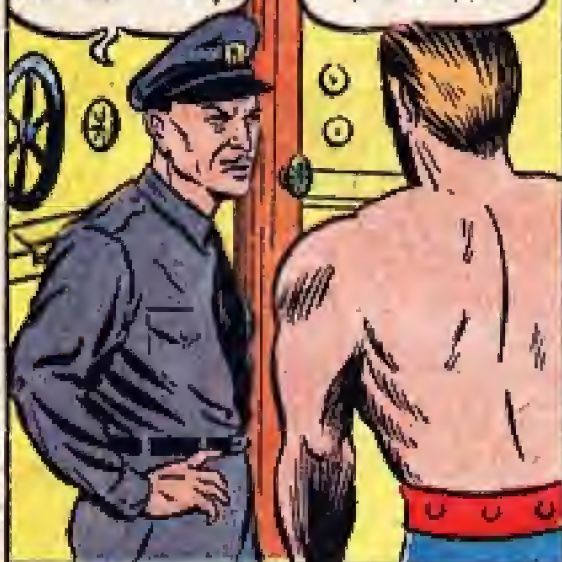
HIS CREDENTIALS IN ORDER,
THE SKULL IS PERMITTED
TO ENTER THE SUB, ALONE--



HE GOES IMMEDIATELY BELOW
TO MEET THE ENEMY CAPTAIN.

WHAT IS IT YOU
WANT OF ME?
I WILL GIVE
YOU NO
INFORMATION!

I HAVE
ONLY A FEW
QUESTIONS
I SHOULD
LIKE TO ASK



MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER SECTION OF THE CAPTURED SUB -
THE PRISONERS TURN, SUDDENLY ON THE COAST-GUARDSMEN!

DUMMKOPF - VE
ARE TAKING
OVER, NOW

JAH - HERE IS A
TASTE OF
BLITZKRIEG!



THE VICIOUS SURPRISE ATTACK TURNS THE TABLES??

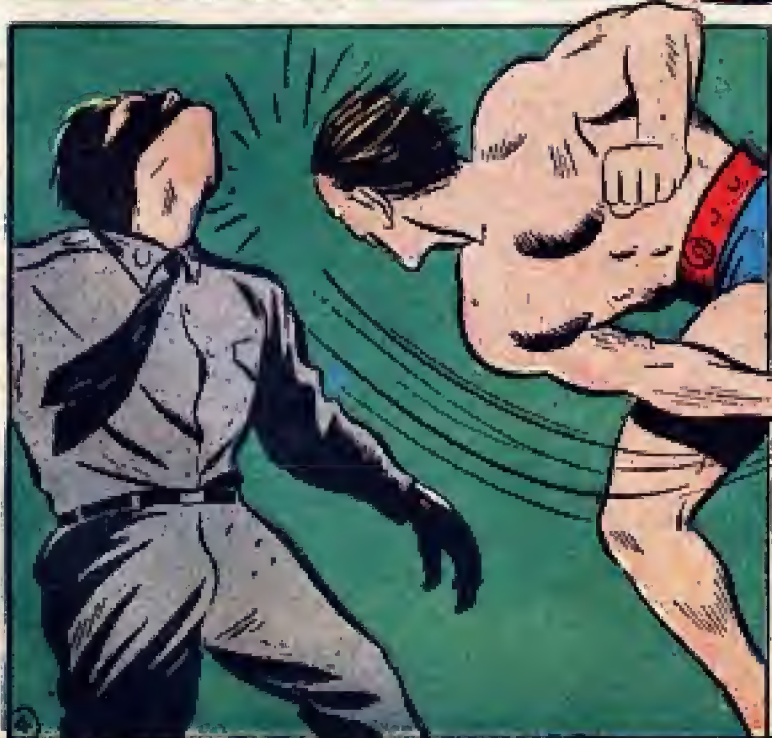
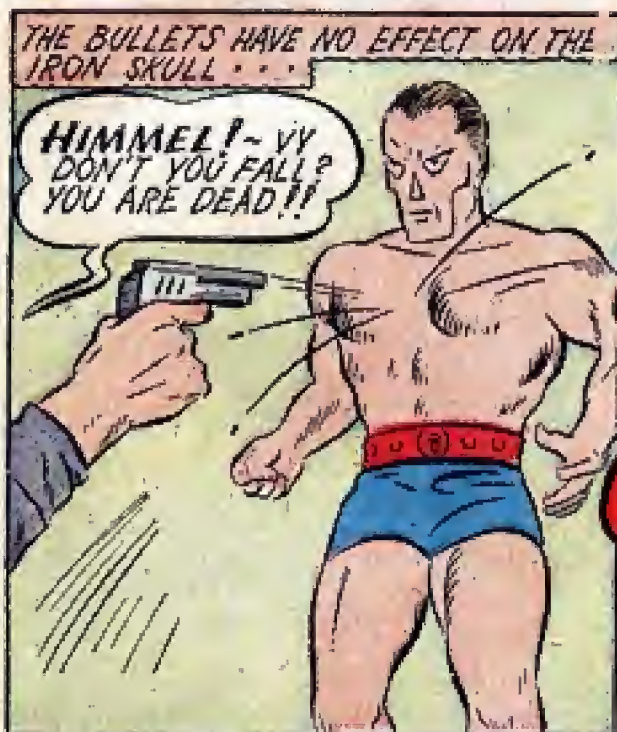
QUICK!
START THE
ENGINES!

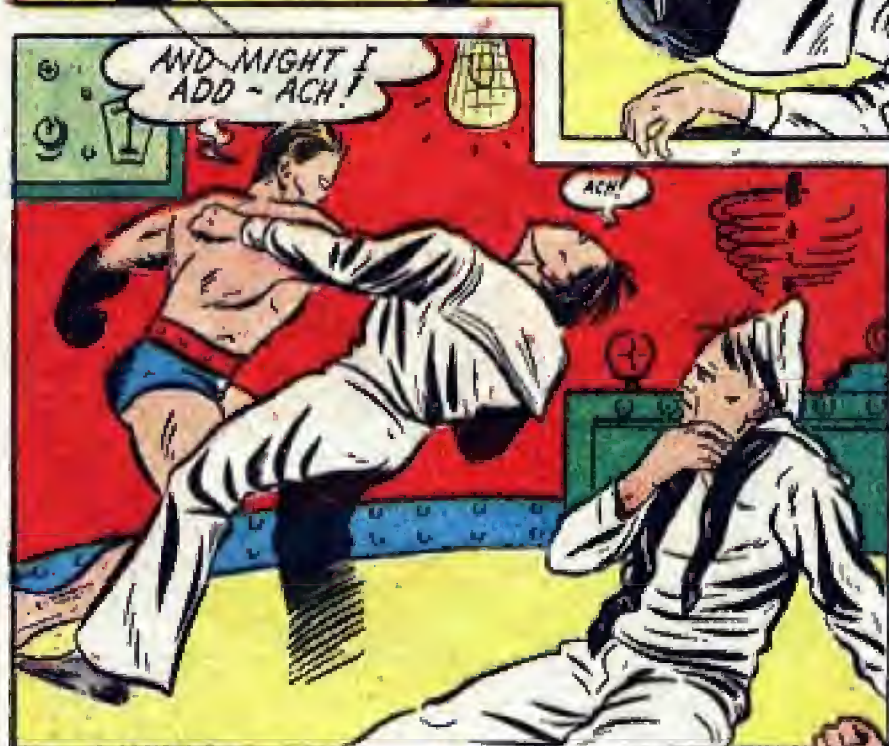


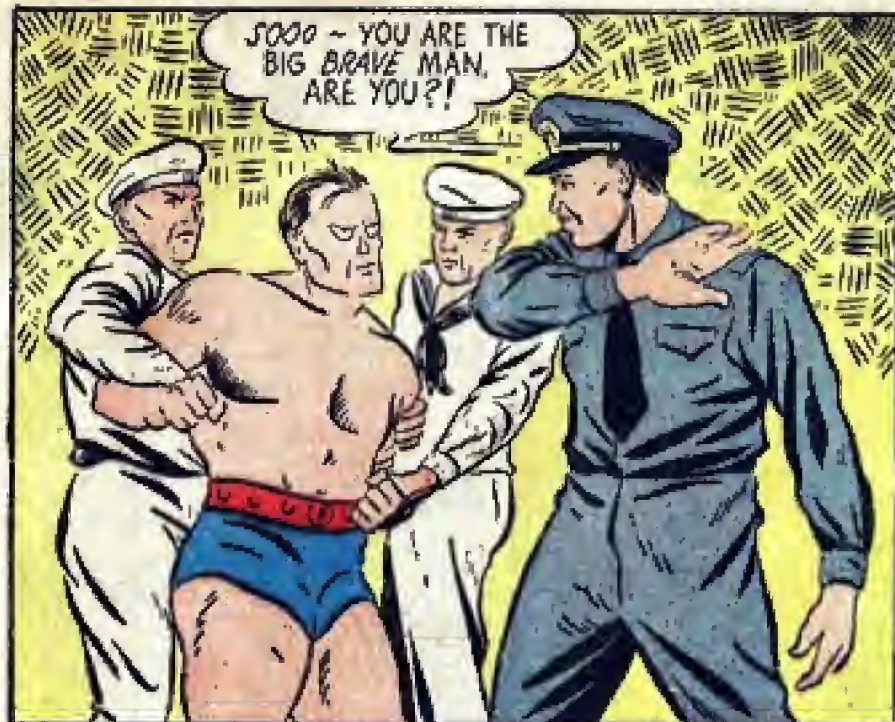
HO-HO-HO...
HA! HA!

WHAT ARE YOU
LAUGHING AT?!









NO SOONER DOES HE HIT THE WATER, WHEN THE SKULL FEELS A TREMENDOUS FORCE PULLING HIM DOWNWARDS!



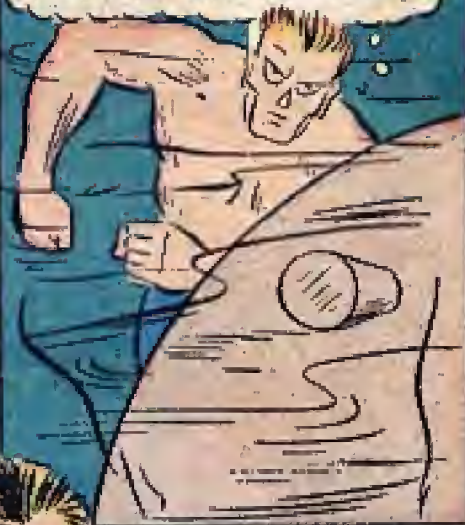
WITH A TERRIFIC IMPACT, THE SKULL SMASHES INTO A HUGE, DOME-LIKE MAGNETIC FORTRESS...

WITH A MIGHTY EFFORT, WHICH STRAINS HIS IRON MUSCLES TO THE UTMOST, THE SKULL TEARS HIS HANDS FROM THE MAGNET!



POUNDRING FURIOUSLY AT THE DOME, THE IRON SKULL SUCCEEDS IN CRASHING THE OUTER SHELL...

GOTTA WORK FAST! - CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER!

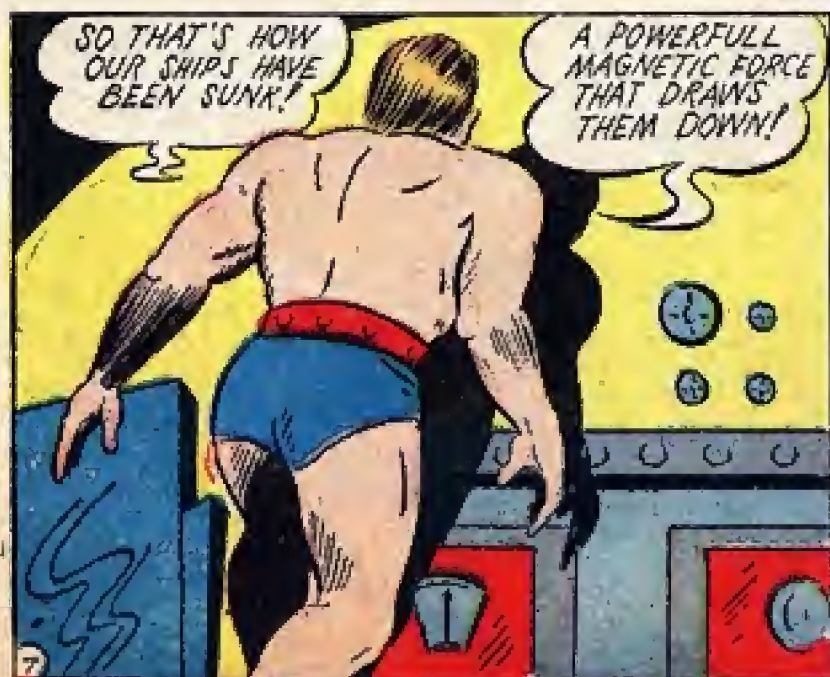


HOW DID HE GET HERE?!

HAVING BROKEN THRU THE OUTER SHELL, THE SKULL ENTERS THRU THE SAFETY HATCH... BUT EXHAUSTED BY HIS SUBMERSION HE IS QUICKLY SEIZED BY TWO OF THE CREW



REGAINING HIS STRENGTH, THE SKULL LOCKS THE TWO SPIES IN A VICE-LIKE GRIP AND CHOKES THEM INTO SUBMISSION...



SO THAT'S HOW OUR SHIP'S HAVE BEEN SUNK!

A POWERFULL MAGNETIC FORCE THAT DRAWS THEM DOWN!

LOOKING AROUND, THE SKULL SPIES A PERISCOPE...



LOOKING THRU THE PERISCOPE, THE SKULL SPIES THE ENEMY SUB, AS IT APPROACHES.

LOOKS LIKE THE SAME SUB... AND IT'S COMING THIS WAY!

THE SUBMARINE APPROACHES AND
MOORES ONTO THE MAGNETIC FORTRESS



THE NAZI CAPTAIN ENTERS
THRU THE SPECIAL TUNNEL



HIMMEL!
CAN IT
BE...

YOU?! - BUT
YOU ARE DEAD!

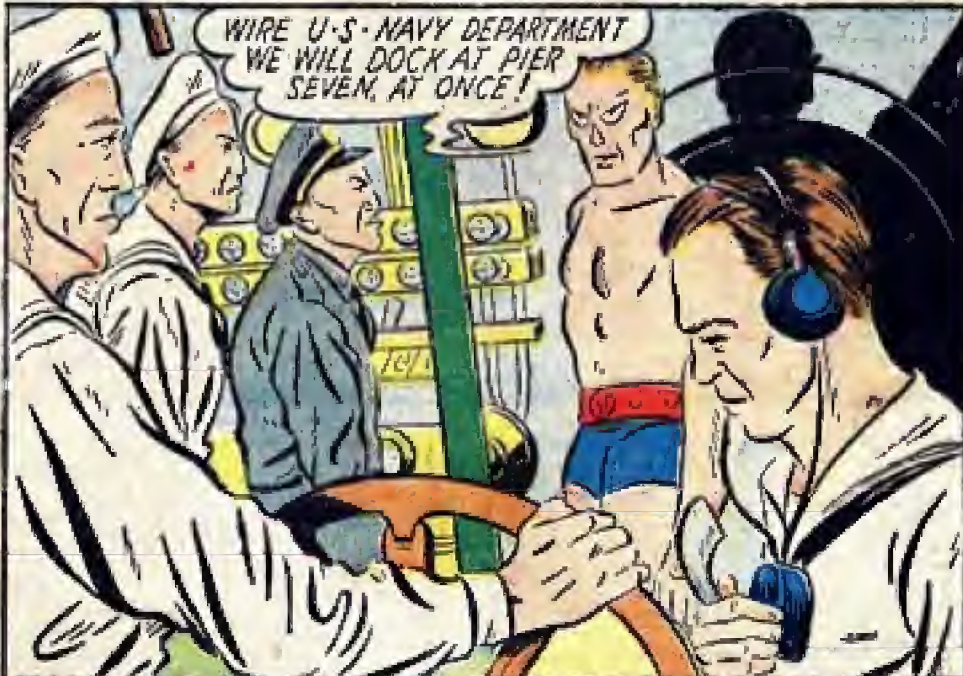


ORDER YOUR MEN BACK
TO THEIR POSTS - WE
START FOR SHORE
IMMEDIATELY!



THE MAN
MUST BE
THE DEVIL!

WIRE U.S. NAVY DEPARTMENT
WE WILL DOCK AT PIER
SEVEN, AT ONCE!



WITH THE SKULL IN COMMAND - THE SUB STARTS FOR SHORE

THERE SHE COMES!
THANKS TO THE
IRON SKULL!



AT PIER SEVEN, CHIEF STEWART WAITS ANXIOUSLY FOR THE SUB.

OUR COUNTRY
IS PROUD
OF YOU,
SKULL

WE'VE ALL GOT
TO DO OUR
PART NOW,
CHIEF!



MIGHTY MAN



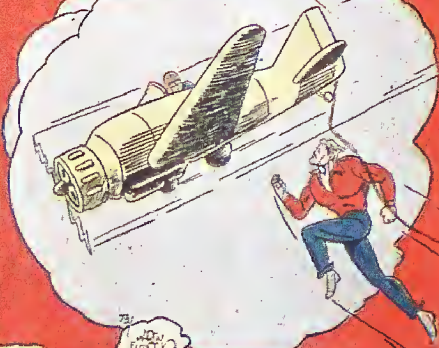
WE CAN GROW



WE CAN SHRINK



WE CAN CHANGE HIS FEATURES



WOW!
FLOO!

EXTRA EXTRA
- ANOTHER BASEBALL
PITCHER DISAPPEARS!
EXTRA 'EXTRA'

I'M GOING TO
LOOK INTO THIS
MYSTERY!



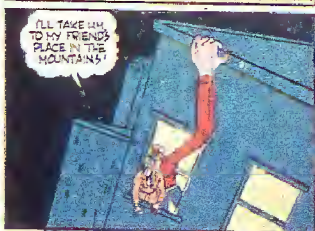
WOW! LAST WEEK SPOKE SMITH THE
STAR PITCHER OF THE CUBS DISAPPEARED!
HIS SISTER IS ALSO MISSING. SINCE
THEN TWO MORE BASEBALL PITCHERS
HAVE VANISHED. YET THIS IS
A JOB FOR ME!



IF THE SPORTS WRITERS ARE
RIGHT - SPOKE SMITH WAS THE
FOURTH FASTEST PITCHER IN
THE LEAGUE - THE OTHER TWO
ARE JUST A LITTLE BIT FASTER.
I HAVE A HUNCH I'LL FIND THE
NUMBER ONE SPEEDBALL
PITCHER OF THE LEAGUE IS NEXT
IN LINE - I'M GOING TO TRY
MY BEST - TONIGHT!



THAT SAME EVENING IN BILL TELLER'S HOTEL ROOM:



THE NEXT DAY THE NEW BILLY TELLER IS PITCHING HIMSELF A WHOLE OF A BALL GAME!



INNING AFTER INNING HE SETS THEM DOWN ONE-TWO-THREE!



WHEN THE FINAL CUT IS MADE IN THE MATHS LECTURE - BEHOLD! SPEAKS LOOSE! BIGLY TELLER HAS SIGNED A NO-WIT-NO-DAY GAME



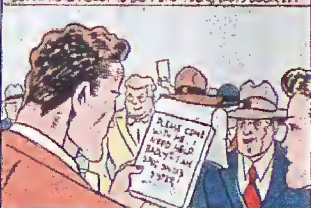
A CROWD IS WAITING FOR THE HERO AT THE PLANE'S EXIT GATE



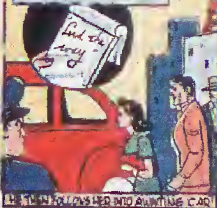
THE DOCTOR HAS A MAN SIGN AUTOGRAPH AFTER A CROWD



-BUT AS HE IS ABOUT TO SIGN ONE YOUNG LADY'S BOOK...



THE MIGHTY MAN WRITES...



THE YOUNG LADY WHISPERS...



LATER... AT A LARGE MANSION ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN!



MR TELLER, YOU'RE DOUBTLESS WONDERING WHY WE HAD YOU BROUGHT HERE? I'LL TELL YOU WHY - BUT FIRST ANSWER THIS QUESTION - ARE YOU INTERESTED IN STOPPING THIS PRESENT WAR?



ABSOLUTELY! I'M WILLING TO GIVE MY LIFE IF NECESSARY!



GOOD! NOW LET'S GO BEHIND THE BUILDING! I WANT TO SEE IF YOU CAN DO SOMETHING!

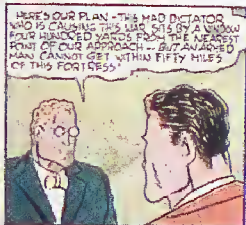


WE'RE FOUR HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE MANSION - SEE IF YOU CAN THROW THIS BASEBALL THROUGH THAT TOP WINDOW ON THE RIGHT!

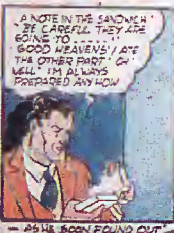
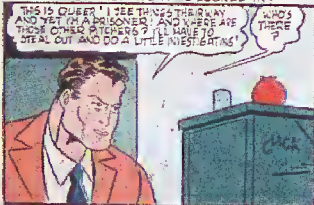




THE MIGHTY MAN PROMPTLY TAKES
THE NEXT BALL THROUGH THE
HOLE MADE BY THE FIRST
THEN HE FOLLOWS UP BY
THROWING THE NEXT TWO
WITH HIS LEFT HAND!



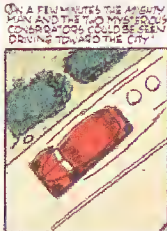
BUT THEY DID MIND AS THE MIGHTY MAN SOON FOUND OUT
HE'D USHERED INTO A ROOM AND LOCKED IN!



— AS HE SOON FOUND OUT —



THEN WE MUST ACT
AT ONCE. PREPARE
FOR OUR DEPARTURE.



ON A FEW MINUTES THE AMBULY
MAN AND THE TWO MYSTERIOUS
CONSPIRATORS COULD BE SEEN
DRIVING TOWARD THE CITY.



WHITE BUILDING
... TOP WINDOW ...
... TWOON BALL ...
... I'LL DO IT.

SOMETIME LATER THE AMBULY MAN, WITH A BASEBALL IN HIS
HAND WAS WALKING DRIEN DOWN AN UNFAMILIAR STREET.

SUDDENLY HE STOPS! A SHA! GIRL WITH A MAGAZINE IN HER
HAND WAS ADDRESSING HIM! HE STARES WERDLY AS HE LISTENS.



MISTER! I CAN'T FIND
MY NURSEY AND I WANT
SOME ONE TO READ MY
COMIC MAGAZINE! WILL
YOU READ IT FOR ME.
HUNT?

WITH A CATCH IN HIS
VOICE THE MERRY MAN
SPEAKS TO THE CHILD.



S-SURE I'LL READ IT
AND I'LL FIND YOUR
NURSEY TOO - BUT
FIRST CAN YOU TELL
ME THE NAME ON
THIS CITY?

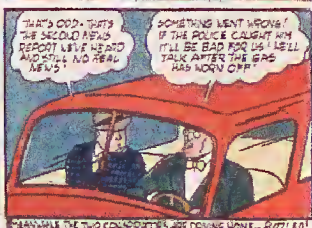
WO'AD YOUR
SOMEONE MISTER!
EVERYBODY KNOWS
WHERE THE
WASHINGTON
MONUMENT IS!



GREAT SCOTTY
I WAS DUPED
INTO A PLOT
TO KILL OUR
PRESIDENT!



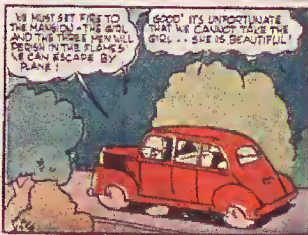
CHILD! YOU'LL NEVER KNOW
WHAT YOU AND YOUR COMIC
MAGAZINE DID TODAY. I'M
GOING TO FIND YOUR NURSEY
AND GET YOUR ADDRESS.
I'M GOING TO PAY YOU A
VINT AFTER I FINISH
A LITTLE JOB.



THAT'S ODD. THAT'S
THE SECOND NEWS
REPORT I'VE HEARD
AND STILL NO REAL
NEWS.

SOMETHING WENT WRONG!
IF THE POLICE CAUGHT HIM
IT'LL BE BAD FOR US. I'LL
TALK AFTER THE GAS
HAS WORN OFF.

MEANWHILE THE TWO CONSPIRATORS ARE DRIVING HOME - ANTILLED!



WE MUST SET FIRE TO
THE MANSION - THE GIRL
AND THE THREE NEWSMEN
DESIGN IN THE PLANE'S
WE CAN ESCAPE BY
PLANE!

GOOD! IT'S UNFORTUNATE
THAT WE CANNOT TAKE THE
GIRL ... SHE IS BEAUTIFUL!

AH! WE ARE
HERE! YOU SET
FIRE TO THE
BUILDINGS. I'LL
GET THE PLANE
OUT OF THE
DOCK HANGAR.



IN SHORT TIME LATER THE BUILDINGS ARE
ASLAGE! THE TWO KILLERS ARE ABOUT TO
DEPART WHEN ONE OF THEM NOTICES A
SPECK IN THE SKY.



LOOK!
A PLANE!
LET'S
SCRAM!

THAT'S NO
PLANE! IT'S
SOMETHING DARKER
- A FLYING MAN!

AS THE PLANE DROPS OFF THE MIGHTY MAN APPEARS LOOMING SKY



THE MIGHTY MAN
DROPS DOWN INTO
THE BLAZING TOWN

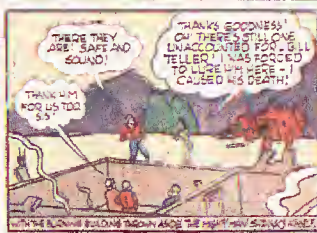
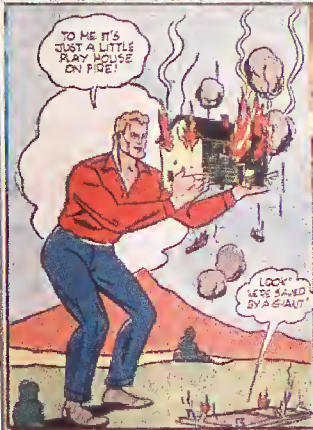
LIKE A COMET HE DIES THROUGH THE ROOF



BY sheer luck he drops into the room where she is held a prisoner!

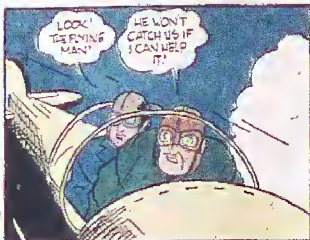


BY THOUGHT SUGGESTION THE MIGHTY MAN GROWS INTO A HUGE GIANT. HIS SPECIAL RUBBERIZED CLOTHING STRETCHES TO FIT HIS IMMENSE FORM!

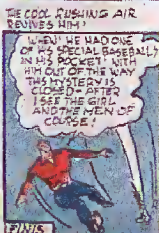
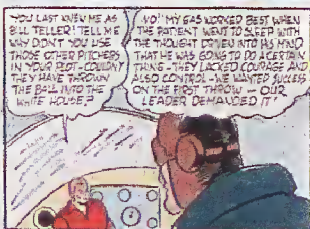


THE MIGHTY MAN DROPS OFF

ONCE OUT OF SIGHT, THE MIGHTY MAN - LIKE A BLUE FISH - BEGINS TO JUMP HIGH INTO THE SKY!



THE PILOT GOES INTO A DIVE - THE OTHER MAN, WHO HAD NEGLECTED TO STRAP HIMSELF IN, IS THROWN OUT!



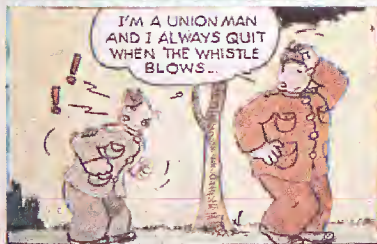
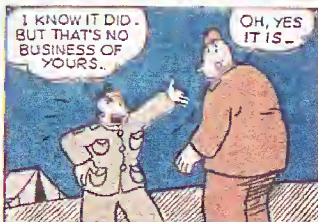
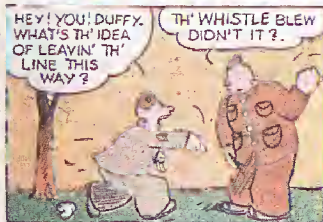
HE STRIKES AT THE MIGHTY MAN.

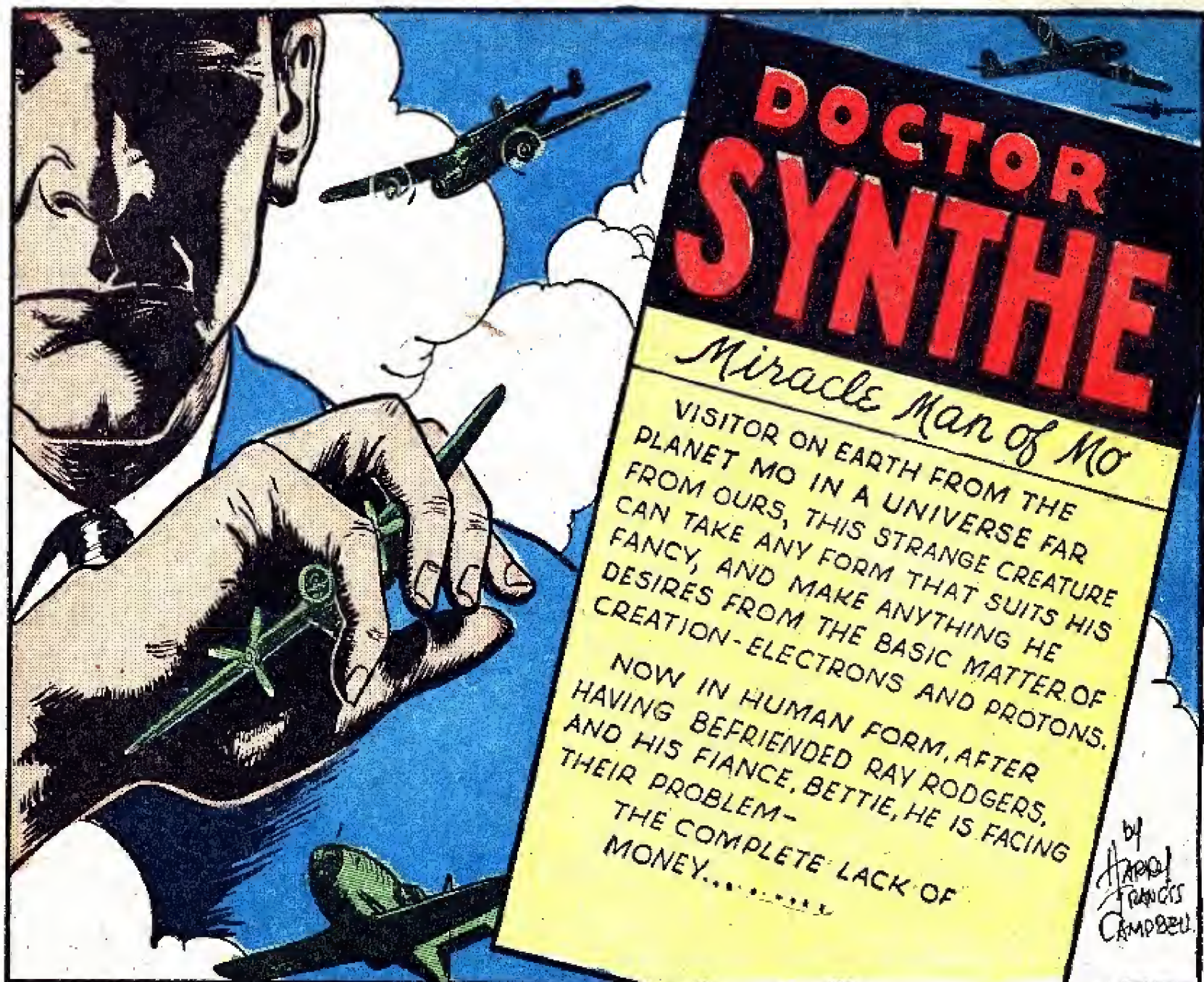
THE MIGHTY MAN IS SOON FREE!

FINIS

PRIVATE DUFFY

by
ART HELFANT





DOCTOR SYNTHE

Miracle Man of MO

VISITOR ON EARTH FROM THE
PLANET MO IN A UNIVERSE FAR
FROM OURS, THIS STRANGE CREATURE
CAN TAKE ANY FORM THAT SUITS HIS
FANCY, AND MAKE ANYTHING HE
DESIRES FROM THE BASIC MATTER OF
CREATION-ELECTRONS AND PROTONS.

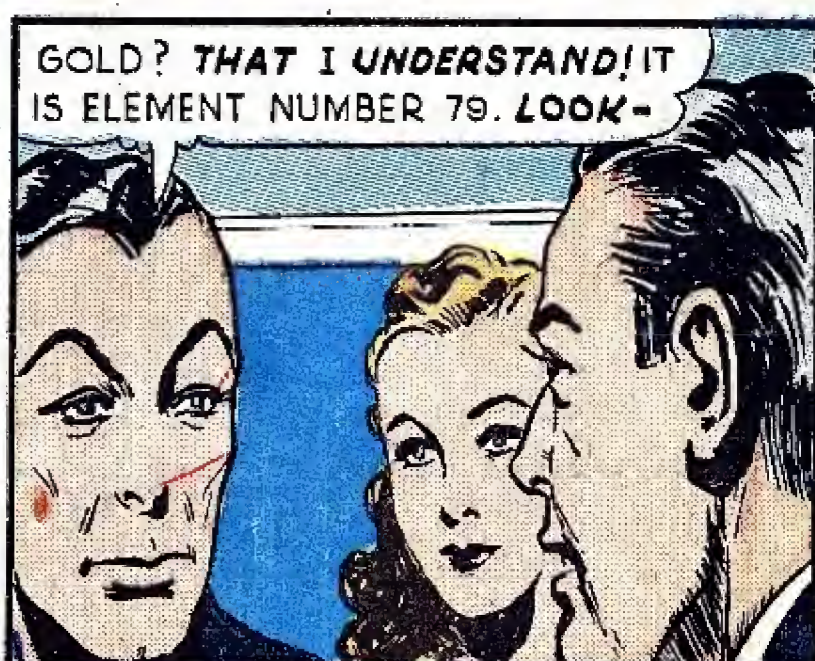
NOW IN HUMAN FORM, AFTER
HAVING BEFRIENDED RAY RODGERS,
AND HIS FIANCE, BETTIE, HE IS FACING
THEIR PROBLEM-
THE COMPLETE LACK OF
MONEY.....

by
HARRY
FRANCIS
CAMPBELL



MY FIRST EXPERIMENT IN MAKING
THINGS RESULTED **DISASTROUSLY!**
HAVE YOU TWO ANY
SUGGESTIONS, RAY?

NOW, IF YOU
COULD **ONLY**
MAKE **GOLD-**
DOC!



**GOLD? THAT I UNDERSTAND! IT
IS ELEMENT NUMBER 79. LOOK-**



-GOLD!

**AT LEAST \$5,000,000
WORTH!**

CREAK!

DR. SYNTHES WAVES HIS
HAND, AND A PILE OF
GOLD MATERIALIZES.

LATER, AT THE SUB-TREASURY.

WE WANT TO SELL THIS GOLD!

WHERE DID YOU GET IT?



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER —

IT'S GOLD CHIEF. IT TESTS 24 KARATS!

I'VE HEARD OF DR. SYNTH, BUT EVEN HE CAN'T MAKE GOLD!



NO? WATCH.—



HE WAVES HIS HAND AND A NEW HEAP OF GOLD APPEARS.

—ANOTHER \$5,000,000 WORTH!

WELL, I'LL BE, QUIT IT!



HERE'S YOUR CHECK FOR \$10,461,603.50! BUT FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE, KEEP THIS QUIET. IT WILL WRECK THE GOLD MARKET.

NOW, TO SPEND IT!



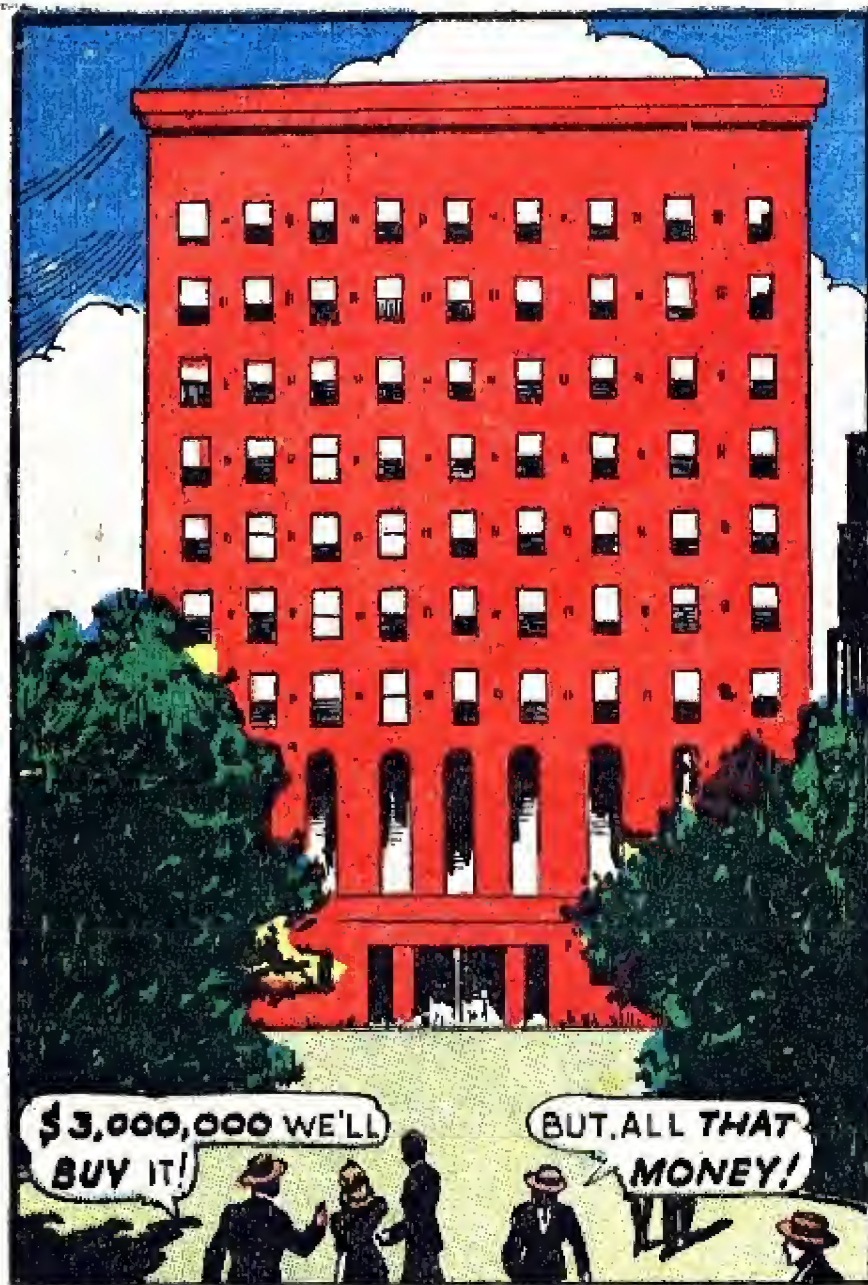
\$6,000 A PIECE? SEND AROUND TEN OF THEM!

AWK!



NOW, LET'S BUY AN APARTMENT HOUSE, WE CAN ALL LIVE THERE!





\$3,000,000 WE'LL
BUY IT!

BUT, ALL THAT
MONEY!



I CAN ALWAYS MAKE MORE **SYNTHETIC GOLD!**

SO THAT'S
IT!

QUIET! WE
HAVE AN **AUDIENCE,**
DR SYNTH.



CITY EDITOR? THIS
IS SPEED. LISTEN TO
THIS! **DR. SYNTH**
JUST SOLD THE
TREASURY \$10,000,000
WORTH OF
SYNTHETIC GOLD!



**SYNTHETIC GOLD! ABSURD! AN
ALCHEMISTS DREAM!**

DAILY BLAH
**HE MAKES
SYNTHETIC GOLD**



**MAKING GOLD!
IMPOSSIBLE,
LEADER!**

YOU SCIENTISTS
KNOW **NOTHING**
SEND IN MY
ASTROLOGER!



ASTROLOGER,
WHAT SAY YOU!

THIS DR. SYNTH
COMES FROM THE
**STARS! THE STARS ARE
ALL POWERFUL! IT IS
TRUE, LEADER!**



WE'LL **KIDNAP** HIM! THEN WE'LL HAVE
ALL THE **GOLD AND RAW MATERIALS**
WE NEED! **DISPATCH
A FLIGHT OF
BOMBERS TO
NEW YORK!**

MEANWHILE, BACK IN NEW YORK-

RAY! LET'S DRIVE TO **CENTRAL PARK**, YOU REMEMBER THE **GROUND SQUIRREL** WE USED TO FEED!

SWELL, BETTIE!

BUT, A REPORTER FOLLOWS RAY AND BETTIE.

SYNTHETIC GOLD, HUH! I'LL FOLLOW THEM TILL I FIND OUT WHERE THAT GOLD REALLY CAME FROM.

LET'S SEE! THE HOLE **OUGHT** TO BE **HERE!**

GOLD IN CENTRAL PARK, I'LL BET!

THE **PRECIOUS** LITTLE **GOLDEN** FELLOW IS DOWN THERE! LOOK!

GOLD, I KNEW IT! WHAT A STORY!

AND, ONE HOUR LATER, AN EXTRA PAPER.

EXTRA DAILY BLAB EXTRA

GOLD FOUND IN CENTRAL PARK

DR SYNTH

GELT!

ORO!
GOLD!

GOUD!

HERE

GOLD!

↑
HERE

ZOLATO!

GOLD!

AND A GOLD MAD NEW YORK CHARGES ON CENTRAL PARK.



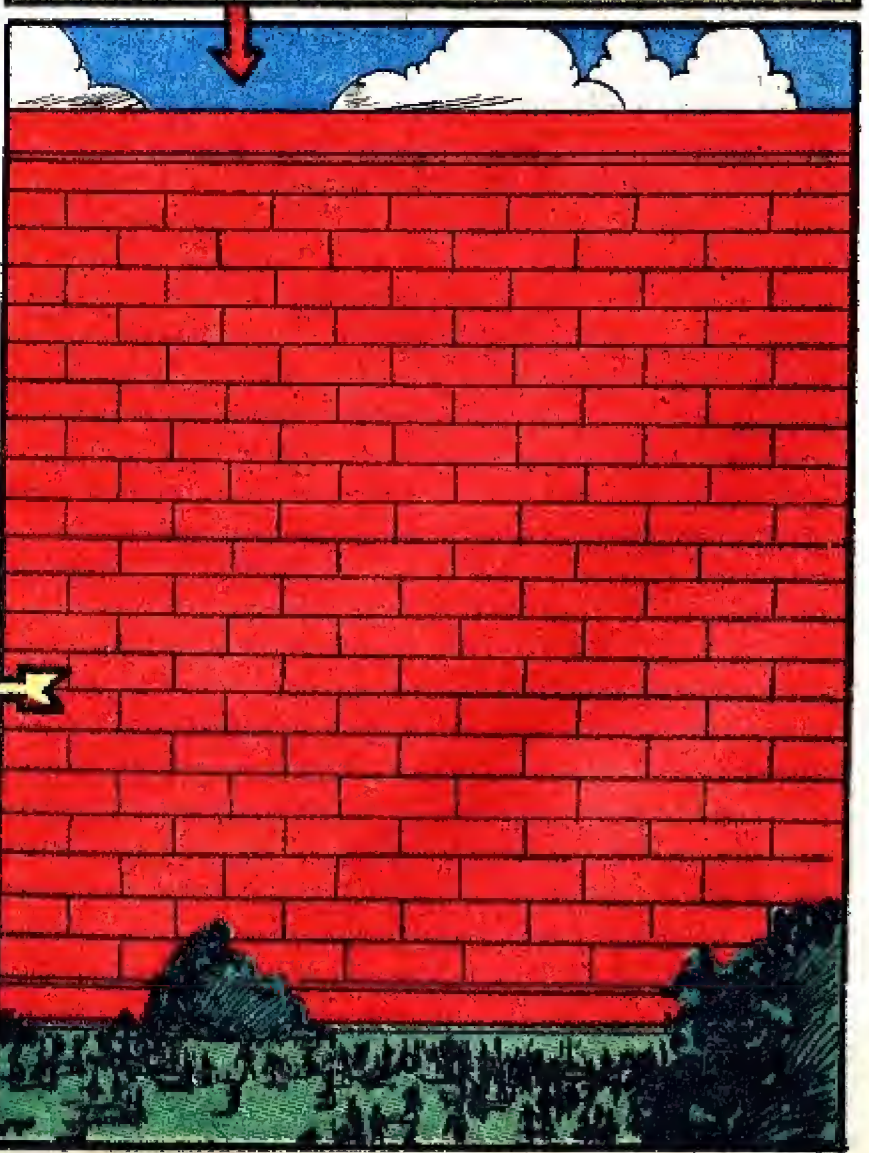
WITH RAY AND BETTIE UNDER HIS ARMS, DR. SYNTHES SOARS OVER THE GOLD-MADDENED CITY.



ALIGHTING IN CENTRAL PARK WITH RAY AND BETTIE, DR SYNTHES GESTURES.

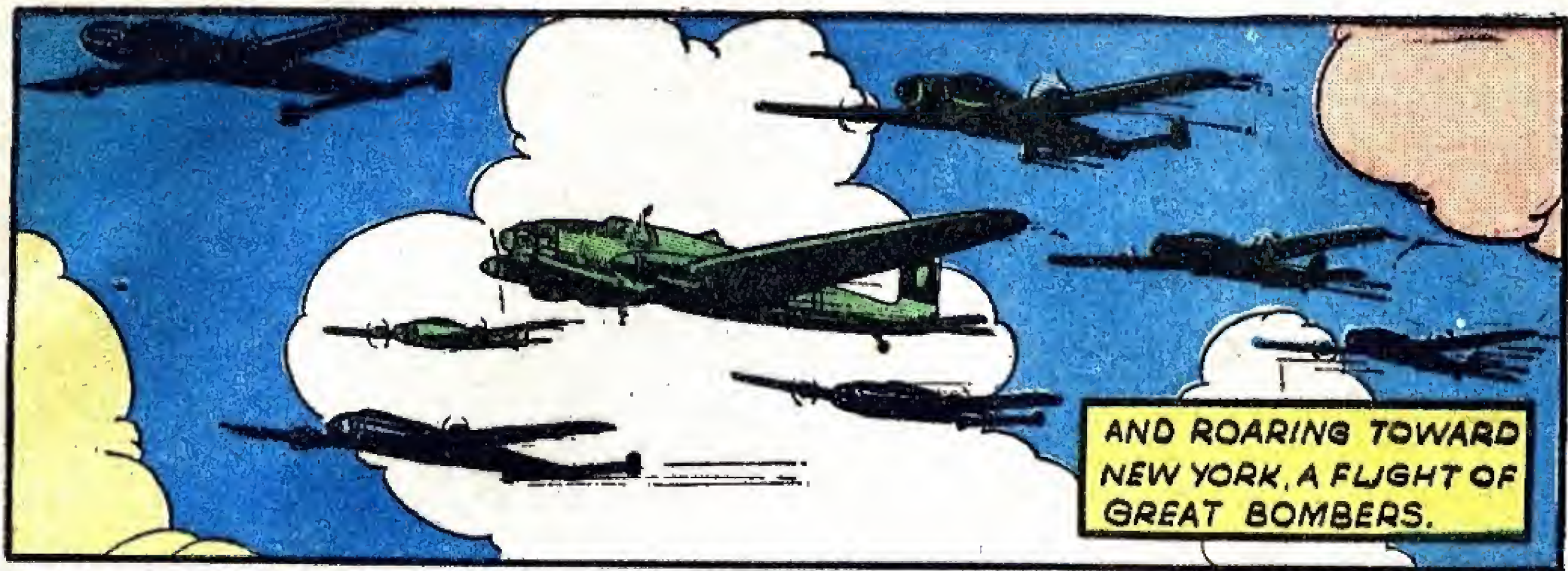


AND A GREAT WALL SPRINGS UP AROUND CENTRAL PARK—



MORE TROUBLE! FIRST A GOLD RUSH AND NOW WE HEAR ENEMY BOMBERS ARE NEARLY OVER NEW YORK!





AND ROARING TOWARD NEW YORK, A FLIGHT OF GREAT BOMBERS.



I SEE IT! I'M THE OBJECT OF THIS RAID. DICTATORS COULD USE ME! I KNOW AN AMUSING WAY TO FIX THIS! — UP ON MY SHOULDER, YOU TWO!

AND A MILE-TALL GIANT, RAY AND BETTIE ON HIS SHOULDERS, SHOOTS SKYWARD.

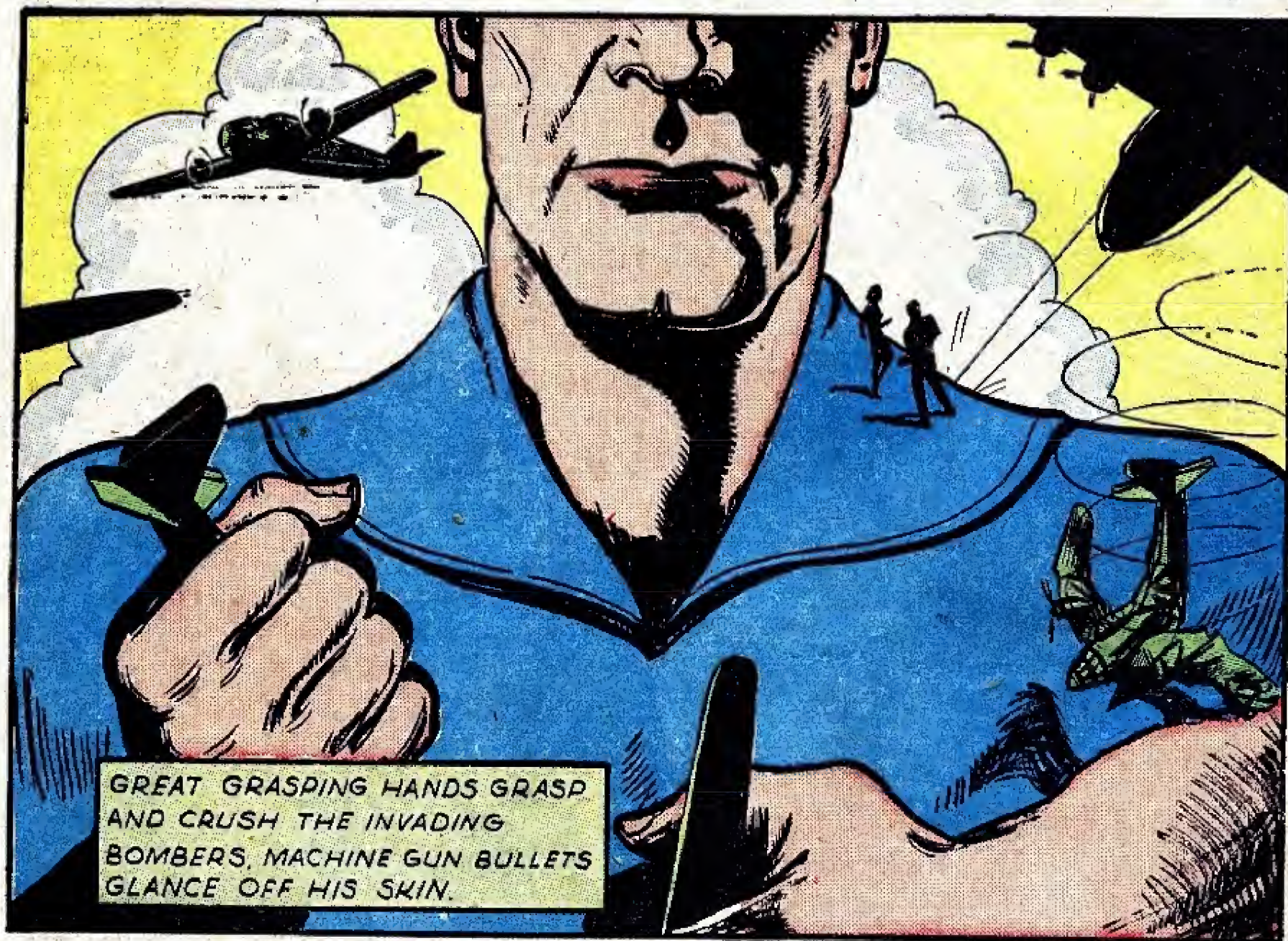


SOME TRICK, EH, KIDS?

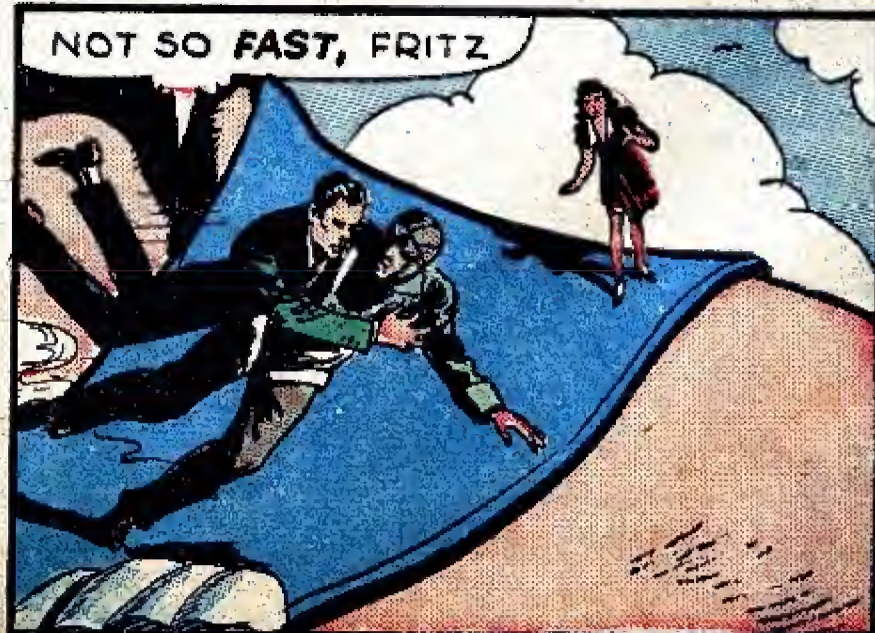
I'LL SAY, DOC!



THE BOMBERS!



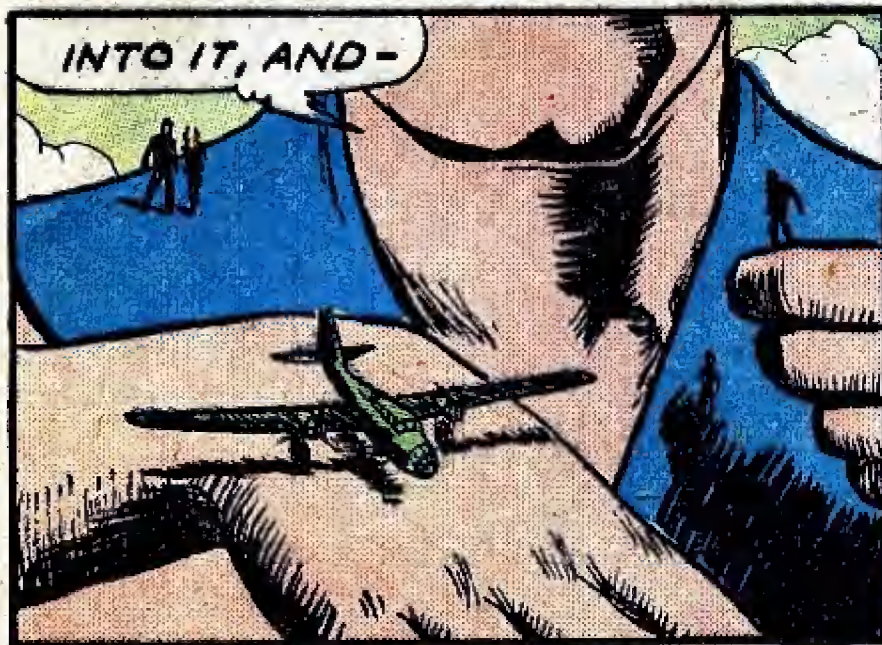
AN ENEMY FLIER BAILS OUT, AND LANDS ON DR. SYNTHE'S SHOULDER.



HEY, DOC, WHAT SHALL I DO WITH HIM?



INTO IT, AND-



GO!



AND THEN, DR. SYNTHES RESUMES HIS USUAL SIZE.

I CAN USE YOU! I SHALL SEND YOU BACK TO YOUR MASTER, THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF THIS RAID! TELL HIM DR. SYNTHES SENT YOU, I SHALL MATERIALIZE A PLANE!



LATER, IN DR. SYNTHES'S APARTMENT.

THE GOVERNMENT IS GRATEFUL, DR. SYNTHES. THE RAID FAILED, AND WE PASSED OFF THE GOLD STORY AS ENEMY PROPAGANDA - BUT -



-DID YOU KNOW ALIENS MUST REGISTER? HERE FILL IN THIS FORM!



WELL, I'LL BE-

THE AMAZING-MAN

AND
TOMMY
THE AMAZING-
KID



USING HIS SUPERNATURAL POWERS,
THE ONE AND ONLY AMAZING-MAN
AIDED BY THE AMAZING KID,
TOMMY... FIGHTS TO SAVE THE
U.S. FROM THE DIABOLICAL
SABOTAGE SCHEME OF THAT
ARCH CRIMINAL, MR. QUE!!

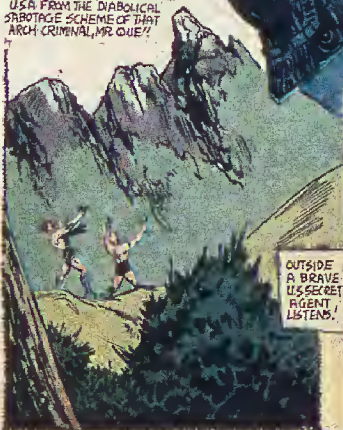
FROM A MYSTER-
IOUS HIDEOUT, THE
EVIL MISTER QUE
PREPARES TO DEAL A
PARALYZING BLOW TO U.S.
DEFENSES

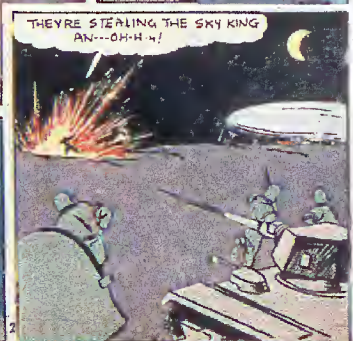
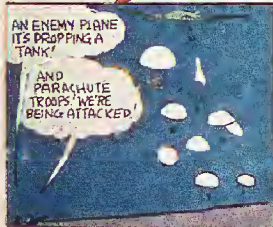
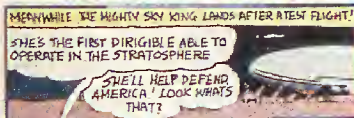
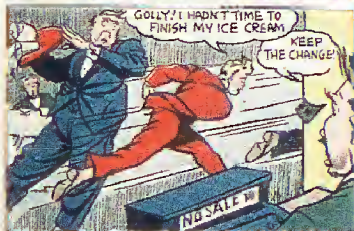
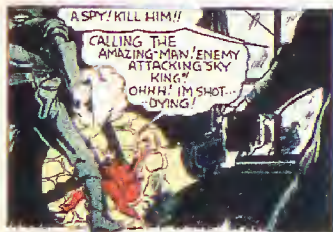
AMERICA'S NEW
SUPER-DRAGIBLE
"SKY-KING" IS
BEING TESTED
TONIGHT! NOW IS THE
TIME TO STRIKE!!

RAIDING SQUAD READY,
MISTER QUE!!

OUTSIDE
A BRAVE
U.S. SECRET
AGENT
LISTENS!

THIS IS TERRIBLE!
I MUST RADIO THE
AMAZING-MAN!

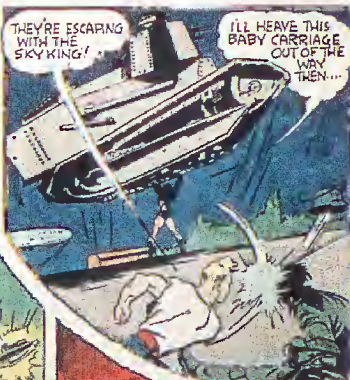






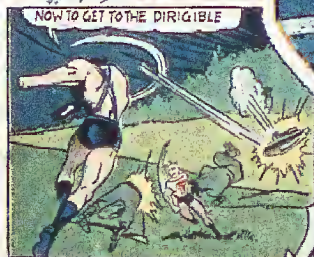
WE'RE TOO LATE! THE ENEMYS ATTACKED!

WE CANT LET THEM GET AWAY WITH THE SKY KING!



THEY'RE ESCAPING WITH THE SKY KING!

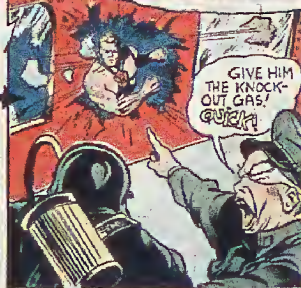
I'LL HEAVE THIS BABY CARRIAGE OUT OF THE WAY THEN...



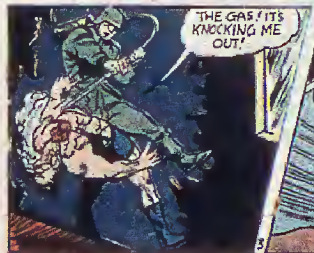
NOW TO GET TO THE DIRIGIBLE



CURSES! HERE COMES THE AMAZING-MAN!



GIVE HIM THE KNOCK-OUT GAS! QUICK!



THE GAS! IT'S KNOCKING ME OUT!



HIMMEL!

I'LL TAKE YOU ALONG WITH ME ANYWAY!

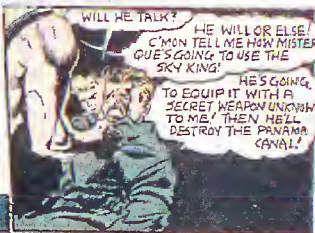
THE COLD
AIR BRINGS
HIM TO HIS
SENSES
JUST IN
TIME



WILL HE TALK?

HE WILL OR ELSE!
C'MON TELL ME HOW MISTER
QUE'S GOING TO USE THE
SKY KING!

HE'S GOING
TO EQUIP IT WITH A
SECRET WEAPON UNKNOWN
TO ME! THEN HE'LL
DESTROY THE PANAMA
CANAL!



THE
PANAMA CANAL!
AMERICA'S VITAL
ARTERY! TOMMY, WE
MUST WORK FAST TO STOP
THIS TERRIBLE PLAN

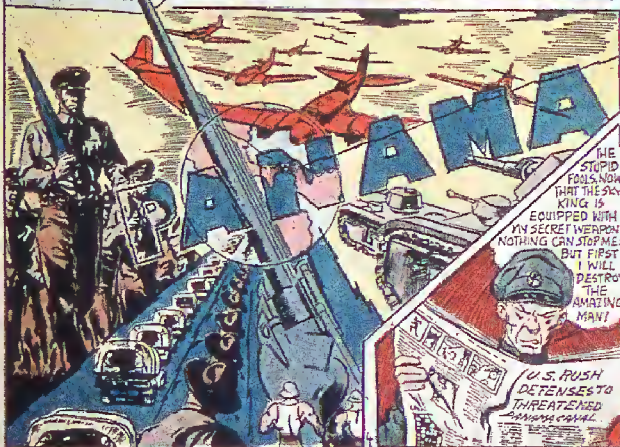
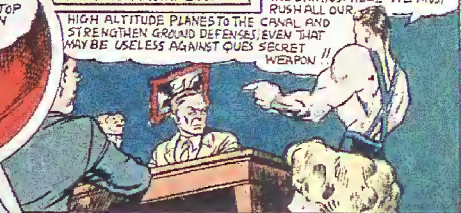
THE AMAZING MAN AND TOMMY
RACE TO WASHINGTON

THE SKY KING CAN FLY HIGH IN
THE STRATOSPHERE WE MUST
RUSH ALL OUR

HIGH ALTITUDE PLANES TO THE CANAL AND
STRENGTHEN GROUND DEFENSES, EVEN THAT
MAY BE USELESS AGAINST QUE'S SECRET
WEAPON!!



IN FRANTIC HASTE
DEFENSES ARE
SPEEDED TO PANAMA



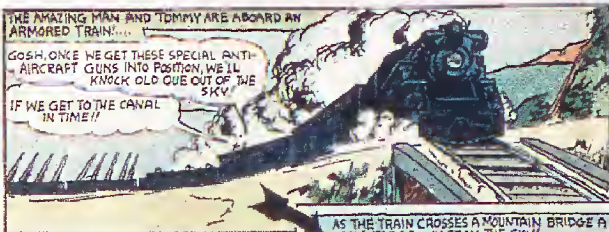
HE
STUPID
FOOLS NOW
THAT THE SKY
KING IS
EQUIPPED WITH
MY SECRET WEAPON
NOTHING CAN STOP ME!
BUT FIRST
I WILL
DESTROY
THE
AMAZING
MAN!

U.S. RUSH
DEFENSES TO
THREATENED
PANAMA CANAL

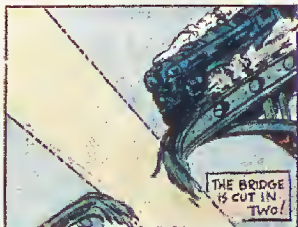
THE AMAZING MAN AND TOMMY ARE ABOARD AN ARMORED TRAIN...

GOSH, ONCE WE GET THESE SPECIAL ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS INTO POSITION, WE'LL KNOCK OLD CUE OUT OF THE SKY!

IF WE GET TO THE CANAL IN TIME!!



AS THE TRAIN CROSSES A MOUNTAIN BRIDGE A RAY STABS DOWN FROM THE SKY!



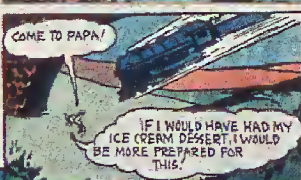
THE BRIDGE IS CUT IN TWO!



HEY! LOOK! THAT FUNNY STREAK OF LIGHT!

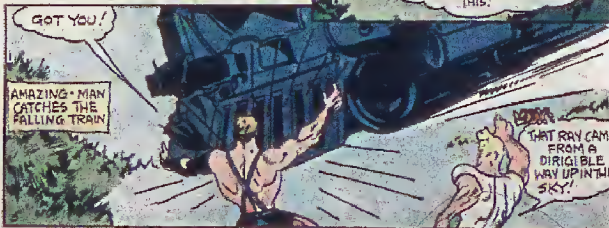


THERE'S ONE WAY TO SAVE THIS TRAIN! COME ON TOMMY!



COME TO PAPA!

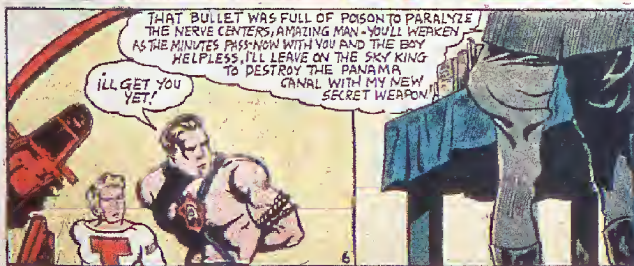
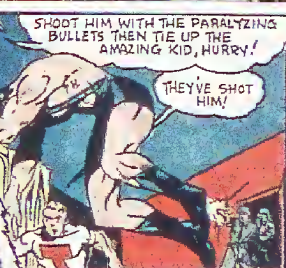
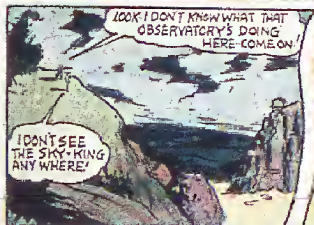
IF I WOULD HAVE HAD MY ICE CREAM DESERT, I WOULD BE MORE PREPARED FOR THIS!

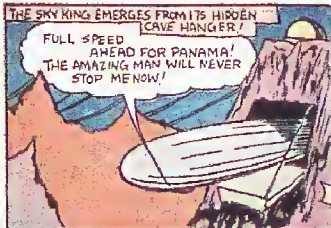


GOT YOU!

AMAZING-MAN CATCHES THE FALLING TRAIN

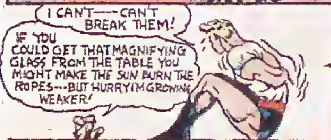
THAT RAY CAME FROM A DIRIGIBLE WAY UP IN THE SKY!





THE SKY KING EMERGES FROM ITS HIDDEN CAVE HANGER!

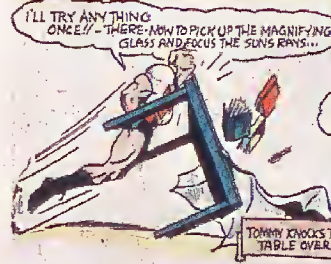
FULL SPEED
AHEAD FOR PANAMA!
THE AMAZING MAN WILL NEVER
STOP ME NOW!



I CAN'T---CAN'T
BREAK THEM!

IF YOU
COULD GET THAT MAGNIFYING
GLASS FROM THE TABLE YOU
MIGHT MAKE THE SUN BURN THE
ROPE---BUT HURRY! I'M GROWING
WEAKER!

MINUTES GROW INTO HOURS AS TOMMY STRUGGLES!



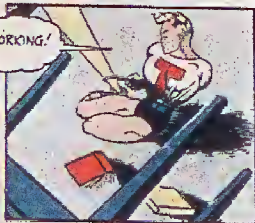
I'LL TRY ANY THING
ONCE!!--THERE--NOW TO PICK UP THE MAGNIFYING
GLASS AND FOCUS THE SUN'S RAYS...

TOMMY KNOCKS THE
TABLE OVER!



THERE GOES THE SKY
KING!

IVE GOT SOME SPECIAL PILL IN
MY BELT POCKET THAT WILL
COUNTERACT THE PARALYSIS
BUT I CAN'T MOVE. TRY AND
GET THOSE ROPE'S OFF,
TOMMY! HURRY!

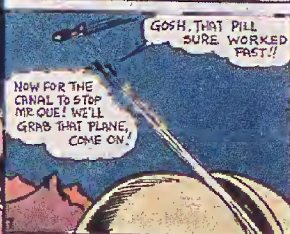


IT'S WORKING!



I'M FREE!
FREE!

QUICK REACH INTO
MY BELT POCKET!!
GET ONE OF THE PILLS!



GOSH, THAT PILL
SURE WORKED
FAST!!

NOW FOR THE
CANAL TO STOP
MR. QUE! WE'LL
GRAB THAT PLANE,
COME ON!

MEANWHILE
AS THE
AMAZING-MAN
AND TOMMY
SPEED SOUTH
IN THE AIR-
PLANE, THE
GIANT SKY
KING ROARS
OVER THE
PANAMA CANAL
IN THE STEREO
SPHERE!

PRÉPARE FOR
ATTACK!

IT'S THE SKY KING! SHE'S
ATTACKING WITH A STRANGE
RAY!!

THE RAY IS
WRECKING
EVERYTHING!

AT ONE OF THE CANAL'S LOCKS!

IF THAT RAY HITS
THIS LOCK-- THE CANAL
IS CRIPPLED! RUINED

NOW TO WRECK THE CANAL
LOCKS AND CRIPPLE THE
USA FOR GOOD AND ALL

THERE'S THE CANAL-- THE SKY
KING-- THIS CRATE'S TOO SLOW! COM-
MON KID, WE CAN MAKE BETTER TIME
OURSELVES!

GRAB ONE OF THOSE ANTI-
AIRCRAFT SHELLS AND RIDE
UP ON IT-- IT'LL TAKE US UP
TO THE SKY KING!

YAA-A A
FREE RIDE



GREAT GUNS! THE RAY IS PRODUCED BY A GIANT MAGNIFYING GLASS MOUNTED ON THE SKY KING!



IT'S THE AMAZING MAN - CURSES

GET OFF THAT SHELL BEFORE IT EXPLODES TOMMY!



FOCUS THE RAY ON THE AMAZING-MAN AN' THE BOY **QUICK!**

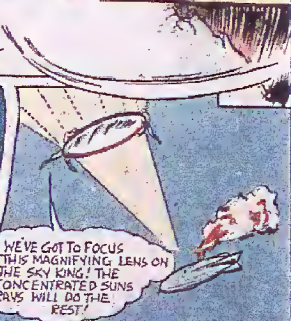


THEY'RE TURNING THE RAY ON US, WE'VE GOT TO TEAR THAT GLASS FREE!

HURRY, WE'LL TEAR THIS BIG GLASS OFF, THAN.....



WE'VE GOT TO FOCUS THIS MAGNIFYING LENS ON THE SKY KING! THE CONCENTRATED SUN'S RAYS WILL DO THE REST!



THE PANAMA CANAL IS SAVED!

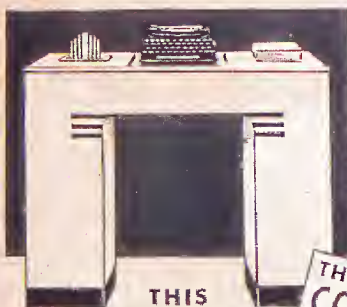


I WONDER IF THE CRIMINAL QUE MET HIS DEATH WHEN THIS WRECKAGE FELL?



I'M AFRAID HE ESCAPED... HEY TOMMY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

TO GET THAT ICE CREAM DESSERT. JEEPERS, I'M HUNGRY!



THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK FOR ONLY \$1.00

WITH ANY REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk in a neutral blue-green—trimmed in black and silver—made of sturdy fibre board—now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) to purchasers of a Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light that it can be moved anywhere without trouble. It will hold six hundred (600) pounds. This combination gives you a miniature office at home. Mail the coupon today.

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COMBINATION
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Stars and Stripes Comics #4

1941 Series - Centaur, Sep-41, coverprice \$0.10 , 68 pages.

Format: Standard Golden Age U.S.; Full Color; Glossy Cover; Newsprint Interior; Saddle-Stitched; was On-Going Series

Zoom: Medium Large

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Character appearances:

Stars & Stripes

Issues in this series have been indexed by:

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Chris Launder .

Stories/features:

1. [Origin of the Stars & Stripes

Feature: Stars and Stripes

2. [The Saboteur's]

Feature: Minimidget

3. [Fishing for Bears]

Feature: Igloo Iggy

4. [Shark & Pop Save the Whalers!!!]

Feature: Shark

5. Hornet's Nest

Feature: Stars & Stripes

6. [Ships Sucked Down Under]

Feature: Iron Skull

7. [Mystery of the Missing Pitchers]

Feature: Mighty Man

8. [No Union in the Army]

Feature: Private Duffy

9. [The Midas Touch]

Feature: Dr. Synthe

10. [Mr. Que's Magnified Ray]

Feature: Aman the Amazing-Man

Series info

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[Origin of the Stars & Stripes]
(Sequence 1 - Story , 12 pages)
Feature Story: Stars and Stripes

Credits:
? (Script), ? (Pencils), ? (Inks), ? (Colors), ? (Letters).

Character appearances:
Stars and Stripes

Indexer notes:
"I & O: The Stars and Stripes (Pepper, Van, and Whitey)"

[The Saboteur's]
(Sequence 2 - Story , 7 pages)
Feature Story: Minimidget

Credits:
? (Script), John F Kolb (Pencils), John F Kolb (Inks), ? (Colors), ? (Letters).

Character appearances:
Minimidget

[Fishing for Bears]
(Sequence 3 - Story , 2 pages)
Feature Story: Igloo Iggy

Credits:
N/A (Script), Martin Filchock (Pencils), Martin Filchock (Inks), Martin Filchock (Colors), N/A (Letters).

Indexer notes:
There is no captions or words at all in this story, only artwork.

[Shark & Pop Save the Whalers!!!]
(Sequence 4 - Story , 8 pages)
Feature Story: Shark

Credits:
Lew Glanz (Script), Lew Glanz (Pencils), Lew Glanz (Inks), ? (Colors), ? (Letters).

Character appearances:
Shark; Neptune

Hornet's Nest
(Sequence 5 - Text Story , 2 pages)
Feature Story: Stars & Stripes

Credits:
Robert Turner (Script), Glanz (Pencils), Glanz (Inks), Glanz (Colors), typeset (Letters).

Character appearances:
Stars & Stripes

Indexer notes:
1/4 page of artwork

[Ships Sucked Down Under]
(Sequence 6 - Story , 8 pages)
Feature Story: Iron Skull

Credits:
? (Script), ? (Pencils), ? (Inks), ? (Colors), ? (Letters).

Character appearances:
Iron Skull

[Mystery of the Missing Pitchers]
(Sequence 7 - Story , 7 pages)
Feature Story: Mighty Man

Credits:
Martin Filchock (Script), Martin Filchock (Pencils), Martin Filchock (Inks), ? (Colors), Martin Filchock? (Letters).

Character appearances:
Mighty Man

Genre: superhero

[No Union in the Army]
(Sequence 8 - Story , 1 page)
Feature Story: Private Duffy

Credits:
Art Helfant (Script), Art Helfant (Pencils), Art Helfant (Inks), ? (Colors), ? (Letters).

Character appearances:
Private Duffy

[The Midas Touch]
(Sequence 9 - Story , 8 pages)
Feature Story: Dr. Synthe

Credits:
Harry Francis Campbell (Script), Taylor (Pencils), Taylor (Inks), ? (Colors), ? (Letters).

Character appearances:
Doctor Synthe

[Mr. Que's Magnified Ray]
(Sequence 10 - Story , 9 pages)
Feature Story: Aman the Amazing-Man

Credits:
? (Script), ? (Pencils), ? (Inks), ? (Colors), ? (Letters).

Character appearances:
Amazing Man

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